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IT is excellence of materials and workmanship which imparts to the WOODROW Hat the air of superiority it undoubtedly possesses.

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TO THOSE WHO CONTEMPLATE FURNISHING

"Rexine" Leathercloth is an inexpensive and remarkably durable upholstering material which has all the charm and appearance of leather. It will stand any amount of rough usage and will not stain or fade. Housework is made easier too, because "Rexine" cannot collect the dust and merely needs sponging over when soiled.

There are innumerable colours and leather grains from which to choose—your furnishing house has samples—ask to see them.

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LEATHERCLOTH

REXINE LIMITED, HYDE, MANCHESTER.
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BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF NORWAY

Best quality all-wool stockinette is employed for this charming Dress with its flaring skirt and long sleeves. It is trimmed as sketch with crêpe de Chine and may be had in a variety of different shades. Price 9½ gns.

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PRESENTATION DRESSES
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MANTLES
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Do to-day what was not necessary yesterday

1/3RD THE COST OF 1/3 NEW TYRES

IT was almost necessary yesterday, and to-day it is necessary, to have a well-defined tread put on that smooth tyre of yours. You possibly felt a slight skid yesterday. If so, every day that passes increases the risk of skidding or puncturing as the amount of rubber on your tread is not sufficient to resist sharp stones going through and cutting your tube.

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Yours faithfully,
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"I may say that the last cover you repaired for me two years ago is still in use and unpunctured, having over 10,000 miles to its credit.
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) A. P."

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Mechanical Rubber Goods of all classes.
Hose for every purpose.

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Attractive Dress for girls in fine woollen stockinette, with fancy silk galon on collar, cuffs and skirt. Shades: Red, saxe, almond, cyclamen, fawn. Sizes 30″ to 39″ length.

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Milanese Jumper Suit *(as sketch), made from fine quality material. The skirt is finely pleated and the jumper has the becoming Shakespeare collar. In a range of beautiful colours.*

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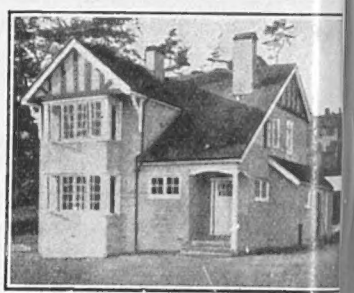

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Gossard foundation garments, aptly fulfilling their mission of service, are accepted the world over as the proper basis of smart, enjoyable dress. Whether East or West, in Singapore or Tokio, Basle, Brussels or Vienna; Buenos Aires or Stockholm, Sydney or Montreal, Paris or Rome, Berlin or London—on the Riviera or in the Alps—the pageant of dress reveals the unmistakable line of Gossard beauty. In the language of style, Gossard garments speak a universal tongue.

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The Gossard *Line of Beauty*

See these beautiful "XANTHA" Artificial Silk garments ready-to-wear or by the yard to-day at any high-class drapers or fabric house.

"Xantha" FABRICS REG.D

All the delights of silk without its expensiveness.

EVERY lady may know the delights of dainty silk-like underwear without overtaxing her pocket. She may gratify her desire for this pretty lingerie in the beautiful "XANTHA" artificial silk fabrics. "XANTHA" has all the charms of silk in regard to lustre, softness and fine texture It is superior to silk, inasmuch as it wears longer and stands many more tubbings and looks better when it is washed.

"XANTHA" is the favourite production for Cami-knickers, Camisoles, Princess Slips, Nig tdresses, etc. There are many alluring shades from which to choose.

Xantha Made by COURTAULDS LTD., manufacturers of "LUVISCA."

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with Stephenson's Floor Polish. Then your hall, staircase, kitchen, etc., will always be bright and easy to keep clean.

Washing and scrubbing rots linoleum, Stephenson's Floor Polish preserves and beautifies. It makes linoleum last years longer.

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In Tins: 3½d., 7d., 10½d., 1/2 *and* 2/6

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This freely lathering Shaving Stick contains the emollient and medicinal properties of Cuticura, enabling tender-faced men to shave without the slightest irritation. It leaves the skin softened and refreshed and free from any tense, dry feeling.

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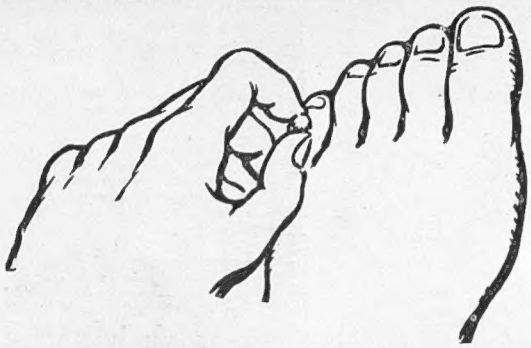

Out with Corns, Roots and All

If you suffer from corns don't waste time on half-measures. Cutting and plastering may give you a brief spell of relief, but if you want to remove the corn, root and all, take a Radox footbath. It is the root of your corn that is the root of the mischief, and it is the root that you must remove. Radox softens the entire corn, root and all. You can lift it clean out easily and painlessly. A Radox user writes :

"I feel it my duty to write and let you know what great relief I got from Radox Bath Salts, as for years I was troubled with hard corns. As soon as I put my feet into the Radox water it soon softened them, and by the time I took my feet out again I could lift the corns right out. I have recommended it to several of my friends who are also getting beneficial results."
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When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it can be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is obvious that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts.

Ask for Radox at your chemist. Price 1/6 per Half Pound Pink Packet. 2/6 double quantity.

1/6
Half Pound Pink Packet

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

SMART HATS OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

Model Millinery Department, Second Floor.

SMART HAT in beige bali-buntal straw trimmed with self-coloured ribbon velvet. Can be made in any colour PRICE **5½ Gns.**

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At Harrods—for Golfers

SNUG, all-wool Pullovers or Cardigans, attractively patterned, with Golf Hose to match—a combination correct for Golf or country wear. Shown at Harrods in colourings that men will like.

CARDIGAN JACKET, in Blue, Brown, Grey, Fawn and Orange mixtures, with contrasting check. Sizes 36 to 44 inches . . **55/-**

GOLF HOSE to match. Sizes 10½ to 11½. Per pair **21/-**

PULLOVER, in Brown, Grey, Fawn or Blue, with close overlying pattern in contrasting tone. Sizes 38 to 42 inches . . . **69/6**

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Extensive assortment of Pullovers and Jackets, with Golf Stockings to match at various prices.
GOLF HOSE . from **10/6** to **25/6** per pair.

Men's Hosiery Section—Ground Floor.

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Send for Harrods New Complete Book of Men's Wear for all Occasions.

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BRANCHES The Boots Chemists EVERYWHERE.

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PRACTICAL KNITTED CLOTHES For GIRLS' WEAR

JUVENILE DEPT.—FIRST FLOOR

Attractive Jumper and Skirt, *made from best quality yarn, the Eton collar, cuffs and border are finished with a novelty pattern in a contrasting colour. In several good colours.*

Sizes for 6 to 12 years.

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PERFECT FITTING CORSETS

Back Lace Corset with low bust and long hip line. Made in good quality cotton material. Sizes 23 to 32.

Price **21/-**

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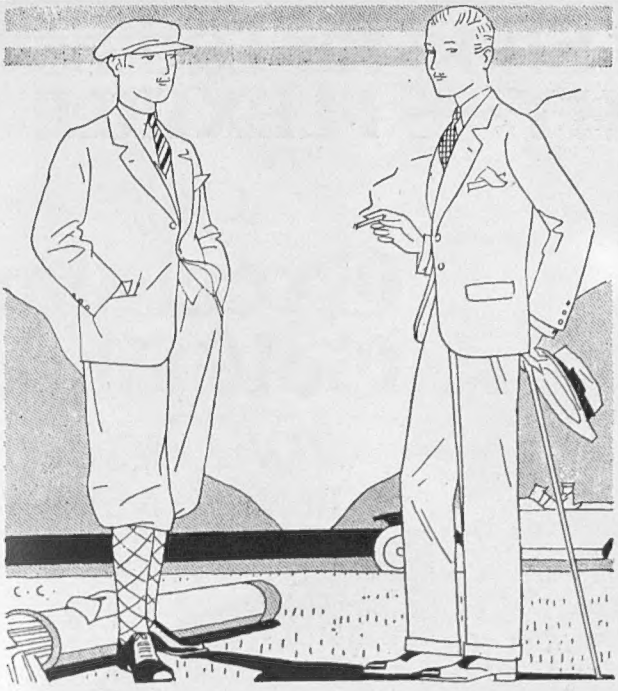

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SIX-AND-A-HALF GUINEAS

¶ *Send for Patterns of Tweeds and List of Special Spring Offers in Men's Wear, post free on request.*

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LIMITED
THE LINEN HALL · REGENT STREET · LONDON · W.1

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THE "AINTREE" COAT FOR AINTREE

THE "AINTREE" COAT

The most popular coat of the day is equally suitable for Town or Country, loose fitting, giving good lines which fall correctly to the figure. It is made in materials of superb colourings and designs (absolutely confined to us) giving comfort, warmth and character that no other coat possesses.

A large selection kept in stock Ready for Immediate Wear or to Order.

From 6 Guineas.

The Lady's Coat depicted in above illustration is one of our smartest and newest creations. Full particulars on application.

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LIFT to SECOND FLOOR

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Spring Collection of Hats
(Every Head Fitted)

Also is now making to Measure in her own Workrooms

Smart 3-Piece Suits
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A wonderful new Golf Shoe for Ladies
WATERPROOF — LIGHT — FLEXIBLE

The **Excelsior Golf Shoe** *for Ladies*

BENCH MADE

in

BROWN ZUG CALF

LIGHT—COMFORTABLE—FLEXIBLE—
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF—
SMART APPEARANCE

A box of studs and a tin of the correct polish are supplied with each pair.

UNIQUE CORK INNER SOLE

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NO NAILS

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FROCK

IN SILK GEORGETTE

"ANITA"

Dainty Tea Dance Frock made in good quality georgette, which is pleated on long lines, and has in conjunction three sets of picot edged frills, finished self sash and lined Japanese silk to tone. In a large range of colours and black.

Special price

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We actually guarantee that this marvellous Wrap-Around Corselette, which is our own origination, will eliminate roll of waistline flesh which is so distressing to large women, that it will do away with the diaphragm bulge, and will flatten the back and give a beautiful unbroken outline from shoulder to knee.

The Model illustrated is No. 3287 and is designed for the heavier type figure requiring underpad, which is made like a Wrap-Around, with cross section with side steels and wide section of rubber. This connects with the rubber section in the main garment. Made of fancy strong batiste material. Bust measurement sizes 36-50 **2 Gns.**

Obtainable of all Houses of Prestige.

Write for interesting Booklet "The Spirit of the Mode," post free with address of nearest agent.

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(The Originators of the Corselette).

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HER MAJESTY
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ATTRACTIVE PROMENADE SHOES

SMART PATENT LEATHER PROMENADE SHOE, *Louis heel of moderate height. Also in cedar and mastic glacé kid.*

Price
42/-
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ATTRACTIVE PROMENADE SHOE, *in grey or stone glacé kid, with novel strapping of self colour suède. Also in patent leather with black suède strappings; Louis heel.*

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Nightgown	42/-
Cami-knicker, with circular skirt effect, embroidered godet points	23/9
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CORSETS

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Descriptions of Corsets shown above

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finer than fair linen

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Not since the Puritan days had so fine and fair a Cambric been woven until DORCAS renewed the delicate strength and beauty of the fairest Cambric of all.

Look closely at a piece of DORCAS . . . see the gleam of it . . . the soft and fastidious texture of it . . . Note the tiny shiny threads in it . . . 9,000 of them to every square yard. Even modern laundries cannot break the heart or dim the intense whiteness of DORCAS—the Puritan Cambric made again.

DORCAS CAMBRIC *is* 40 *inches wide reduced price*

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There are also DORCAS SHEETS *and* DORCAS TOWELS. *Each eminent in its own line. Ask your draper about them.*

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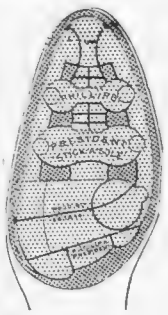
Thin, light, invisible. *Outlast leather.* Ideal for all smart shoes, ladies' and gentlemen's. Attached with PHILLIPS SOLUTION only.



PHILLIPS 'Stick-a-Soles'

LIGHT RUBBER

"STUCK LIKE A STAMP"

Ladies' 2/6 pair
Men's 3/6 "
with PHILLIPS SOLUTION.
From all Bootmen
Fixing extra.

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BIEN JOLIE
The MODERN IDEA IN Foundation Garments

Cleverly designed One-piece Garment combining the advantage of a smooth figure line, yet retaining the control of a girdle.

The wide elastic hip sections of this well-designed, comfortable garment, made in a durable soft pink silk striped material, allow the active wearer the utmost freedom, whilst the inside diaphragm control and duplex back supports will take full care of the average figure.

Sizes : 32 to 40

Model 6176

12/9

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EVAN WILLIAMS TUNISIAN HENNA – *It's safe*

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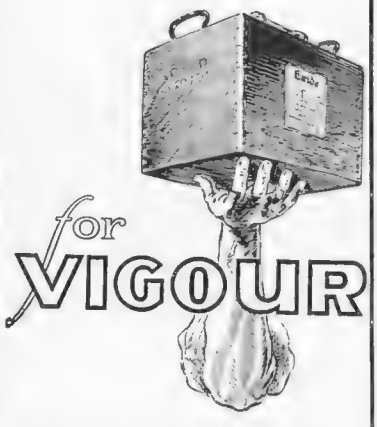

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CHILPRUFE *for* CHILDREN
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3/- IN THE POUND
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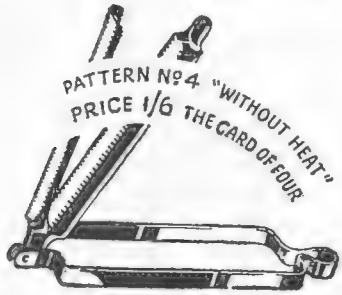

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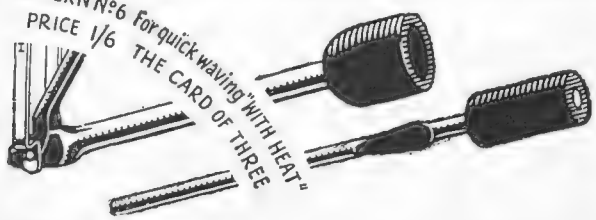

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HOTEL CHATHAM, 19 Rue Daunou.
HOTEL CONTINENTAL, 3 Rue Castiglione.
HOTEL LINCOLN 24 Rue Bayard.
HOTEL LUTETIA.
HOTEL MEURICE, 228 Rue de Rivoli.
HOTEL OXFORD & CAMBRIDGE 13 Rue d'Alger (1e).
HOTEL ST. PETERSBURG, 33/5 Rue Caumartin (nr. Opera).
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EVENING CAMI KNICKER an exact copy of a French model, long bodice composed entirely of lace with georgette knickers, trimmed with dainty picot edged frills. In pink, ivory, blue, green, black, coral, yellow, bois de rose, and hyacinth blue.

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The 'Dumpy' jar for the Home -	9d.
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"Daddy along the side" and "Jacky stand still" were two old Dutch dances, pleasantly associated, no doubt, with Bols Liqueurs.

Ask for Bols:
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Curaçao
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CURAÇAO—a Liqueur to discuss; being Bols, the discussion takes on a venerable note—the glass held up, its contents pondered deeply. A famous name, this Bols; one which carries always the assurance of thoughtful hospitality.

BOLS 1575

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The Bystander, March 24, 1926

No. 1164. Vol. LXXXIX

The BYSTANDER

Hay Wrightson

THE COUNTESS OF CROMER

Who recently paid a visit to Jerusalem with a large delegation of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. This was the first organised visit of the Order to the Holy Land since the Crusades

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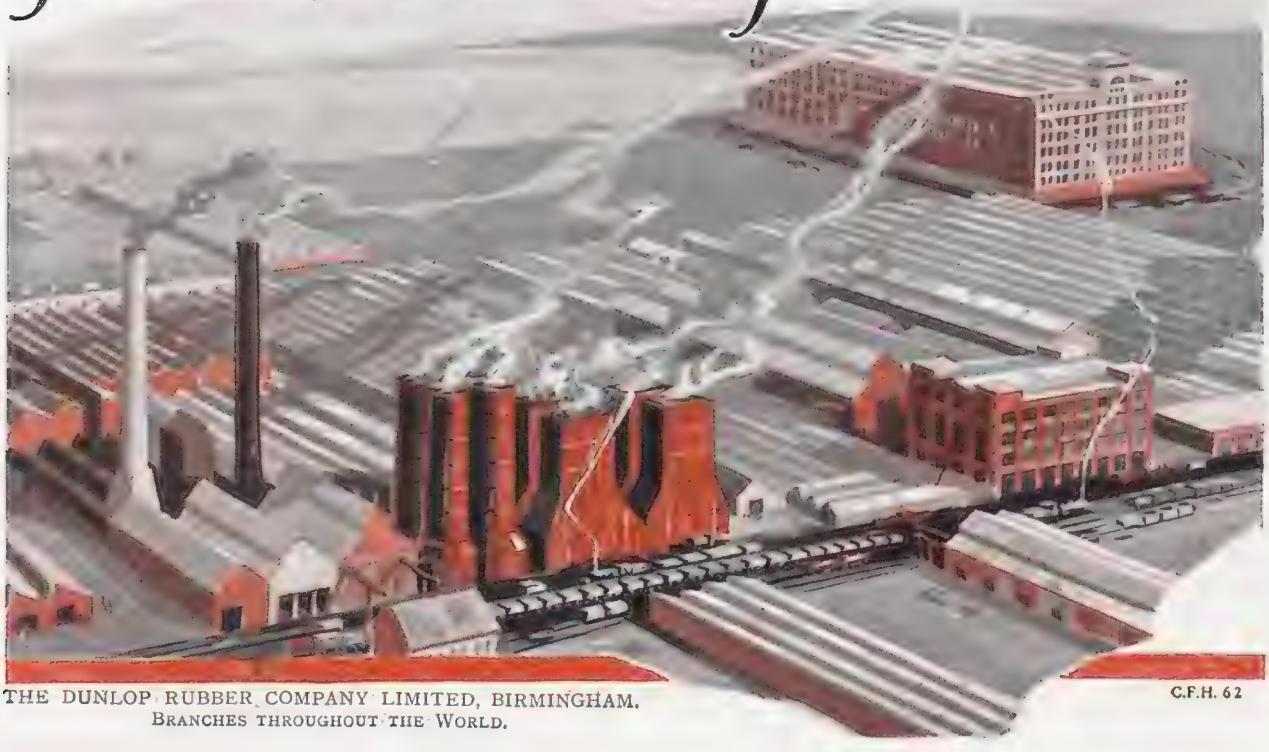


THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED, BIRMINGHAM.
BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

C.F.H. 62

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

That Spanish Prisoner

When I was a very small boy and lived in the heart of the country I was thrilled to hear one morning that we were all going to be very rich. It appeared that a poor gentleman, languishing in a Spanish prison, had offered us a share in his fortune, which he had hidden away before the wicked "hidalgos" threw him into his lonely cell.

Why I Have to Work

All we had to do was to advance a trifling sum, in order that the fortune might be dug up, cleaned, and sent to us by parcel post. It was almost as simple as those advertisements that invite you to forward sixpence "to cover postage and packing," or the circulars from old English gentlemen who offer to advance £500 on note of hand alone. Unfortunately, my father was not sufficiently enterprising to rise to the occasion, and so I have had to work for my living after all.

Spain's Good Name

This early introduction to the famous Spanish prisoner swindle gives me an added interest in General Primo de Rivera's decree that severe penalties await anyone implicated in blackmailing foreigners by this means. The Spanish Dictator has been moved to take this action because he, very rightly, regards the trick as damaging to the good name of Spain in other countries. I entirely agree with him. Quite a lot of Britishers think of Spain as a land populated by unfortunate gentry who live in dungeons and write heartrending appeals about doubloons and pieces-of-eight that lie buried in King Alfonso's cabbage-patch.

Hang Him!

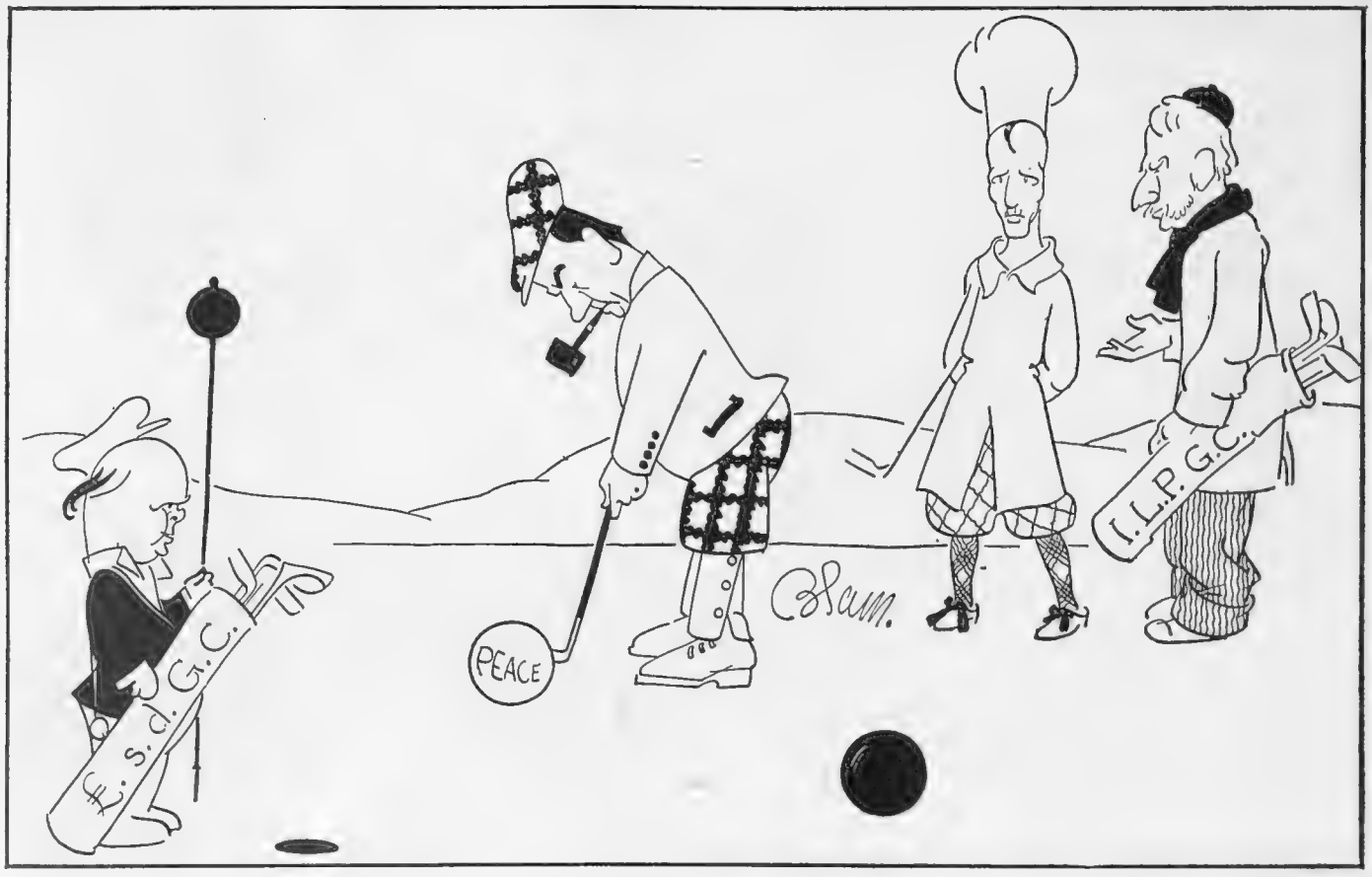
I think it would be a good thing if other people in authority followed the General's example. I suggest that the Mayor of Southend and the Vicar of Weston-super-Mare issue proclamations stating that the sea does, occasionally, visit those pleasant marine resorts. I urge the Mayor of Wigan to take such immediate steps as will prevent his town being turned into a laughing-stock by music-hall comedians. The chairman of the Urban Council of Mumble Bumble might protest against a certain sketch in the new Vaudeville revue and have Mr. Archibald de Bear hanged on his village green. And so on.

The Preliminary Play

The revival of the curtain-raiser prompts a well-known critic to express the hope that its introduction will not bring with it a reversion to the bad habit of arriving late at the theatre. It used to be fashionable to consider that the preliminary play was only intended to amuse the pit and gallery and was not worth the effort of punctual attendance in the stalls. I recall one occasion on which only two stallites saw the curtain rise on the first night of a one-act play that has since found its way into the more exclusive anthologies of the stage.

Bitter Eyebrows

This same critic also recalls the days when a night of tragedy was brought to a close with a short, rollicking farce, and tells how certain people resented the appearance of a great tragedian as a comic Frenchman. The same sort of thing happened at the Grand Guignol, when Sybil Thorndike spent a merry quarter of an hour in a potted revue after having been temporarily raised from the dead by her insane father. This little *jeu d'esprit*



By Bram

AT THE "COAL" HOLE!

was intended as a corrective for frayed nerves, but some of the highbrows were very bitter about it.

A Utopian Scheme

I found much to applaud in Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's Utopian scheme to cure all the ills that the stage is heir to. As a means of raising money for charitable purposes it was unrivalled, and not a single channel remained unexplored. With a little trimming, and the deletion of any suggestion of disciplining the rank and file, it would set the stage upon its financial feet.

Peculiar People

Quite a large sum could be raised by a tax on deadheads—those peculiar people who, for no particular reason, think they have the right of free entry to the West End theatres. I would suggest a flat rate of at least ten per cent. on all seats given away in this manner, the proceeds to go to theatrical charities. Quite a lot of money would have been collected by this means during the past few weeks from two theatres alone.

Careless Managements

When will West End managers realise the importance of getting playgoers back into their seats before the curtain rises after an interval? At a recent first night, the curtain rose repeatedly on a half-empty house, and although the late-comers were blamed, it was far from being their fault. If a bell was rung, it was quite inaudible, and the attendants made no attempt to get people back into their seats when they must have known that the lights in the auditorium had already been lowered. At another first night, the bell was rung and the curtain raised at the same moment—the two operations might have been controlled by one switch!

Their Little Windfalls

The trouble with taxi drivers is that they are spoiled by the occasional large tip of the "fare" who has been dining not wisely but too well. One does not grudge drivers their little windfalls, but they should not set up a false standard of generosity. On short trips in the middle of the day I have never failed to give a tip of sixpence on a shilling fare. If the clock has shown one-and-threepence, the driver has received two shillings. Yet I have frequently been made to feel that I and my kind are conspiring to drive an honest worker into the workhouse. What they expect for night-work I have never fathomed.

I Hate Them

As a result I have been reduced to a state of antagonism that makes me hate the sight of a taxi-cab, and I have no doubt that my feelings are shared by the great bulk of the travelling public. It is a depressing experience to be held up in traffic for ten minutes at a time, to pay a public servant a compulsory bonus of 50 per cent., and to crawl into your house feeling that you have been branded as a mean and parsimonious cad. Perhaps I am over-sensitive, but I do wish the Home Secretary would arrange for the tip to be shown on the clock, so that we might pay and the driver might look pleasant.

How You Will Know Me

Following the recent successful production of the new Vaudeville revue, and while the poor critics were busily occupied in producing *their* laudatory reviews, some of us repaired to the Metropole to assist in the celebration of the joyous occasion. The Midnight Follies were at their best and brightest, but I was a little perturbed when a movie man placed his camera under my very nose, and commenced to perpetuate my classic features for the benefit of cinema fans at Shepherd's Bush and the Marble Arch. If you happen to see the picture, you will be able to recognise me by the fact that I am seated between two charming young ladies who are well known to you all. I do not, however, propose to hie me to Hollywood on the strength of having been "shot" once.

Hot-Air Pockets

BY E. T. REED

AUSTEN: "Oh, my dear Baldwin! Talk about Cobham and the Zambezi—you've no conception of what I've been going through! My Locarno-burettor choked, air-pockets everywhere, and *no* Croydon for *me!*"

Central News

THE KING AT CATERHAM

A photograph taken during the King's visit to the Guards' recruiting depôt at Caterham. His Majesty is seen inspecting two newly joined recruits

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Public Duties and Illness

HAVE you, my good people, ever noticed how singularly free from the minor complaints that seize upon most of us from time to time and force us to abandon our engagements are the people whose time is chiefly given up to the public?

This reflection has occurred to your Bystander because of the Duke of York's attack of influenza which laid him up at his father-in-law's (Lord Strathmore) house near Welwyn, in Hertfordshire. It is the first time for some years, I believe, that the Duke has had to cancel any engagement because of illness. And only once has Princess Mary had to put off a public engagement for the same reason.

Until last year, when a severe bronchial attack kept the King confined to his bed, His Majesty had never altered any arrangements through illness.

It is the same with actors and actresses. It is only once in a blue moon that they are out of the bill; in fact, the greater the player the less frequently are understudies called upon.

Perhaps the explanation is that when you and I would take to our beds because it really doesn't matter much to anybody whether we are between the sheets or sitting up and trying to be amiable or sparkling at a luncheon or a dinner, those who serve the public have a sense of responsibility which makes them put their *migraines* or their "slight chills" in the background. Their duty to the public comes first unless they are absolutely *hors de combat* and the doctor intervenes.

Happily, the Duke of York's attack of influenza was a slight one, but his days are so fully occupied that there will be some difficulty in working in later on the engagements he was obliged to give up.

A Terror in Unpunctuality

A NEW terror has been added to life. You and I know that a good cook is more satisfactory than a tiara. The good cook is with you all the day, from breakfast to dinner—and supper thrown in when you've been to the play. How often does your wife wear her tiara? If I had to choose between a cook and a tiara, I should say "Cook" at once without a moment's hesitation.

The tiara really hasn't anything to do with the story. I only mentioned it to prove the value of a good cook. The point is to show you what havoc your friends can work in your kitchen.

Some friends of mine have (or rather had, poor souls!) a female *cordon bleu*—a genius of a cook—one of those marvellous people who have the inborn faculty of tracking savour to its source and serving it up with daintiness. All went well for a year, and then one bitter black morning—although the sun was shining brightly—the paragon gave notice.

"But why?" quavered the overwhelmed mistress. "You know how

Sport and General

AT THE 'CHASES

The Prince of Wales enjoys a joke with Brig.-Gen. Trotter at the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Point-to-Point races, held recently at Purston

"THE WEARIN' OF THE GREEN" *I.B.*

The Prince of Wales, "shamrocked" proper, photographed at the reception held before the Irish Club Dinner on St. Patrick's Night, which he attended. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, "The Father of the House," is seated on the extreme right

A ROYAL GREETING *G.P.U.*

Princess Arthur of Connaught shaking hands with one of the disabled soldiers from the War Seal Mansions. The photograph was taken before she opened the Loan Exhibition of Old English Needlework at the Bathurst Home

much we appreciate your cooking. Why do you want to leave us?"

"It isn't you, my lady; nobody could be nicer than you and his lordship. It's been a real pleasure to serve you. But I can't stand all these young hodmedods you ask to lunch and dinner keeping the meals waiting. You ask them for eight for dinner, and they roll up at half past, sometimes later. Just the same for lunch. I've borne it as long as I can, but it's fair got on my nerves sending up food more than half cooked to death."

Personally, my sympathies are with the cook. A good cook is just as much an artist as a good painter, a good writer, or a good actor, and she certainly adds far more to domestic well-being and comfort than either of the other three could possibly do.

But to lose a good cook through the unpunctuality of your friends! As I said in the beginning of this winged paragraph, it is a new terror to life.

Suggestion

And how unpunctual young people are in these days! Some old people—and all the world knows them—make a point of arriving late for dinner or luncheon so that they can make what is called on the stage a "entrance," and focus attention upon themselves from a gasping—and perhaps gasping—company.

But there's nothing personal or calculating about the lateness of the young people. It just happens. There's an "I'm sorry, I'm afraid I'm rather late," in the drawing-room. There's a raging, writhing cook in the kitchen seeing her best efforts being "hotted up" into next door to nothingness.

And then there's a hostess who has to start on a round of the registry offices. Poor soul!

If you have a good cook my advice is this. Put a little mark against unpunctual guests in your book, and don't ask them to lunch or dinner. If they are amusing or interesting, or for any reason you want to entertain them, ask them to a restaurant. There unpunctuality doesn't matter, and you may save your cook.

Better, far better, the solid comfort of a reliable cook hovering over the kitchen range for every meal than the quips and *bons mots* of the most brilliant guest—if she or he keeps luncheon or dinner waiting.

The Name Question

In all the changes that have been made in the Divorce Laws, one point appears to have been entirely overlooked, and this is whether a divorced woman should have legal right to use her divorced husband's name. To your Bystander's way of thinking there is something contradictory in a divorced woman, whether she is the innocent or guilty party, continuing to use the name of a man who is no longer her husband. If she is the innocent party why should she want to be known by the name of a man she has divorced? If she is the guilty party she ought not to be allowed to.

Some women do go back to their maiden names, with a "Mrs." instead of a "Miss" in front, but they are singularly few. One reason I have heard advanced for the retention by women of their married name after divorcing their husbands is, that where there are children such retention indicates the mother.

In a case where a man divorced his wife it is possible, as a recent instance proves, that his name may be made notorious by the divorced wife's "goings-on." This is particularly hard in the case of an old family and an honoured title, but the husband has no redress, and must bear the spectacle of huge headlines in the newspapers setting forth his name, with what

Photo Press

EN ROUTE FOR DELHI

Lord Irwin, who is to succeed Lord Reading as Viceroy of India, and Lady Irwin leaving their London residence to start their journey to India

AFTER THE CEREMONY *Bassano*

A photograph of Major M. Jackson, D.S.O., M.C., of the Royal Deccan Horse, with his bride, Lady Sheila Scott, who is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clonmell. The wedding took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

LADY HILLINGDON AND LADY ROWENA PATERSON

LADY AINSWORTH, LADY ZIA WERNHER AND MRS. KENNETH MACKAY

RACING AT RUGBY

Some of the spectators at the recent Rugby Hunt Steeplechases held last week

MAJOR STIRLING AND THE MARCHIONESS OF EXETER

equanimity he can muster. In the instance to which I refer, if it were illegal for a divorced woman to bear her former husband's name there wouldn't have been half the fuss and bother. It was the fact that the lady had a title which attracted so much attention on both sides of the Atlantic.

The First Dreadnought

THE late Lord Fisher used to declare—and he published the fact in his *Memories*—that "the Dreadnought could not have been born but for Sir Philip Watts." Sir Philip, whose death has just occurred, drew up the plans for the first Dreadnought. It is an interesting piece of historical continuity in one family that his great-grandfather helped with the plans for Nelson's *Victory*.

For many winters Lady Watts, who was a Belgian, has been a leading figure on the Riviera. Her luncheons and tea-parties at the Hochers Rouge just beyond Menton on the Italian side of the frontier used to be famous.

From Diplomacy to Architecture

I WAS much interested in Lord Gerald Wellesley's lecture at Hampden House on English houses from the time of Charles I. to that of George III, which he gave fo

THE HON. R. C. AND MRS. CUBITT

POINT-TO-POINT PERSONALITIES AT PURSTON

With those present at the recent Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Point-to-Point Steeplechases at Purston

Photographs *Sport and General*

THE HON. MRS. J. PEASE (left), MAJOR CLIVE AND MRS. H. A. CLIVE, MISS BELL MR. A. CLIVE AND MISS SCUDAMORE

L.N.A.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE STANDS

benefit of the Children's Country Holiday Fund. Lord Gerald, a son of the Duke of Wellington, gave up diplomacy for architecture, and therefore spoke with the authority of the expert. He and his wife, who was Lady Scarbrough's daughter by her first marriage to the late Mr. Robert Hamilton, have a delightful sixteenth-century house, Sherfield Court, near to the Duke of Wellington's Strathfieldsaye, in Hampshire.

A Ball and Supper

I am asked to tell you that on May 4th there will be a ball and supper at Claridge's, arranged by the Countess of Airlie, Alexandra Lady Worsley, and Mrs. Gérard Leigh, for the development of the work of the Prince of Wales's Sea Training Hostel for Girls at Limehouse. The Prince has given his patronage to the ball, tickets for which are £2 2s. each, or £10 10s. for a block of six. They can be obtained from the Countess of Airlie, 5, Great Stanhope Street, W.1, or from Claridge's Hotel.

The Air of Grosvenor Square

Lord and Lady Headfort have no town house. Last season they rented Susan Duchess of Somerset's house, 35, Grosvenor Square, for the coming out of their only daughter, Lady Millicent Taylour. This year they have taken No. 25, Sir Rennell and Lady Rodd's house.

Before they went to Grosvenor Square Sir Rennell and Lady Rodd, who were British Ambassador and Ambassadress in Rome all through the War, had a splendid house in Stratford Place, which now forms part of the Ladies' Athenæum Club. A former tenant of their Grosvenor Square house was Sir Victor Horsley, the great brain specialist and surgeon.

Do you remember a song beginning "I Love Society, High Society," sung by Connie Ediss in one of the old Gaiety pieces? I never see the words "Grosvenor Square" without remembering two lines of that song:—

"Oh, how delightful to breathe the air
Breathed by people in Grosvenor Square."

And there were two other lines which convulsed King Edward when he heard Connie Ediss sing the song:—

"I'd ride horses with beautiful tails
If my Papa was the Prince of Wales."

A RACING "TREBLE"

From the Melton Hunt Steeplechases held at Burton Lazars, near Melton Mowbray

Topical

LADY NORTHLAND AND THE MISSES LAYCOCK

Sport and General

MRS. HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD (left), THE COUNTESS OF ANCASTER AND LADY BROUGHTON

Lord and Lady Beatty are now breathing the air of Grosvenor Square, although officially they still occupy the Mall House at the Admiralty.

Our Nurses in the War

The Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava is making an appeal which I think will touch everybody's heart and sympathy. It is for a memorial to the nurses of the British Empire who gave their lives in the War. The memorial is to take the form of a nurses' home at the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital in the Euston Road, with the names of all the nurses who fell in the War inscribed on its walls.

This memorial will provide rest and comfort to the devoted women who give their lives to the sick and suffering. No memorial to their sisters who made the sacrifice of their lives could be more fitting or

Central Press

A "GREEN" STUDY

Mrs. Ellis (left), Lieut.-Commander Warner, Mrs. Matters and Engineer-Captain Stocker caught by the camera whilst mixed-foursoming. The photograph was taken on the Marsa course, in Malta

Central Press

THE NAVY IN ACTION

Lieut.-Commander F. C. Baker in action on the courts at the Marsa, which is Malta's sports Mecca

more permanent. Practically all the regiments in the Army have subscribed to this memorial. I commend Lady Dufferin's appeal to you. If you want to, and can, help in the perpetuation of the names of the heroic women who gave their lives in the War, the address, for your help, is The Secretary, Memorial Appeal, Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital, 144, Euston Road, N.W.1.

A Reborn Hotel

IN the old days when you stayed at the Queen's Hotel at Cheltenham for a hunt ball or one of the other many gaieties afforded by that very pleasant town you were distinctly sorry for yourself. The hotel had good rooms, but so far as furnishing and comfort went it had stood still for years, so still that in some of the rooms the stillness had even affected the housemaid's broom.

All this has been altered. The Queen's Hotel is now numbered amongst the Honywood hotels, and was formally opened last Thursday—a phœnix of an hotel, considering what it used to be, newly painted without, and within pale-tinted walls, soft-coloured curtains, and the gayest of cretonnes. A most cheerful and delightful place to stay in, especially as there is a big ball-room.

Lady Honywood has a genius for making desert hotels bloom into comfort, and she has succeeded brilliantly with the Queen's at Cheltenham. The hotel is now so attractive and comfortable, the food so excellent, that you feel tempted to go to it for at least a week. The opening was marked by a big reception, at which all Cheltenham seemed to be present. Motorists should make a note of this great change, as the hotel in the old days had a black mark in most motorists' itineraries.

The Riviera Week by Week

NO event of the whole season has given greater pleasure to the winter colony here than the arrival of an important section of the British Mediterranean Fleet. For a long time past we have been lamenting the fact that, while warships of other nations were frequently in these waters during the winter and spring, our own were conspicuous by their absence, and at last the powers-that-be have heard our appeal and decided to "show the Flag" to the great cosmopolitan gathering which populates the Riviera at this time of year. And if anyone is more pleased than ourselves, it would appear to be the sailors themselves, judging by their broad smiles!

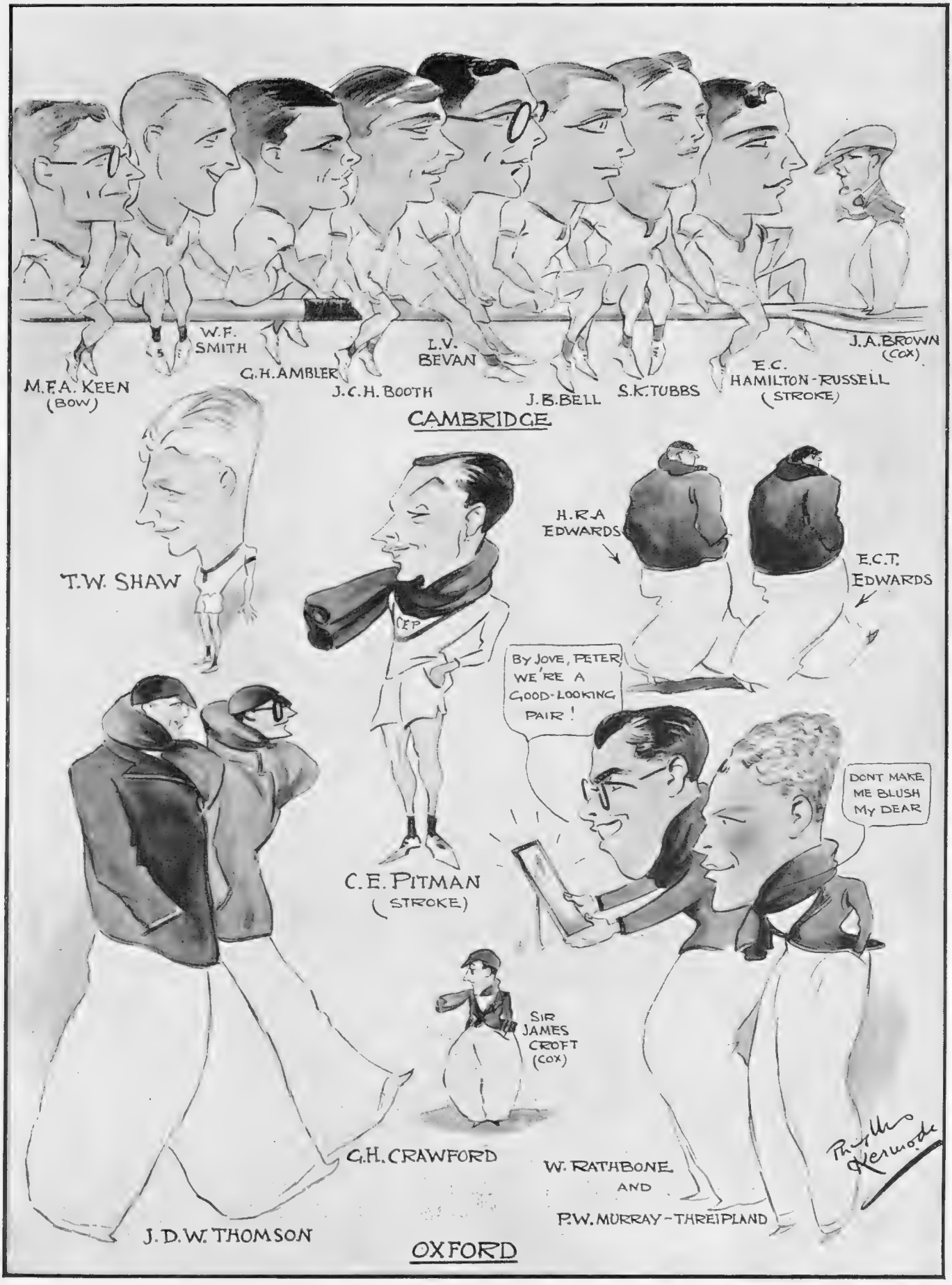
SEVERAL of the ships are at Villefranche, but the major portion of the Fleet is, as I write, riding at anchor in that well-sheltered bay which lies between the Cap d'Antibes and Cannes. The quaint little harbour of Golfe Juan, where Napoleon landed from Elba in

Alfieri

AN "EASY" IN BIARRITZ

Eleanor Lady Torrington (left), Mr. and Mrs. Robert Evett, Mrs. George Duller and Steve Donoghue taking a rest by the wayside at Biarritz for the benefit of the photographer

The Colour Question at Putney: ANOTHER RACE PROBLEM



BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

Our artist's impressions of the 'Varsity crews who have made Putney the Mecca of the more impressionable section of the fair sex during the training for Saturday's race

L.N.A.

AFTER THE GAME

Miss Hudson chatting with Capt. Philipi, one of the members of the Cannes polo team which recently beat a team composed of officers of the Mediterranean Fleet. The game, which resulted in a score of seven goals to four in favour of Cannes, was played at Mandelieu

1815 on his way to the north, is now a most lively and interesting spectacle, with neat pinnaces and other small craft darting to and from the shore and depositing loads of cheery officers and men, who are soon whirled away in taxis or motor charabancs to the nearest towns for the day.

S

This little fishing village—one of the very few unchanged spots on the coast—was never so animated before, and the tradesmen and restaurant proprietors are doing a roaring trade. The British Vice-Consul and Mrs. Taylor gave a reception and dance at the Grand Hotel at Cannes for the officers, to which all the leading residents were invited, and the popular jazz band of Billy Arnold played for dancing. Needless to add, there was no lack of pretty partners for the men, whose spirits were in no wise damped by the presence of five admirals—Viscount Jellicoe, who is staying on the yacht of Sir Harry Livesey, and who looked in unexpectedly in tennis kit, Sir Hedworth Meux, Sir Henry Pelly, Sir Michael Hodges, and Rear-Admiral Cecil Staveley. Officers from the flagship of the latter, the *Resolution*, the *Royal Oak*, the *Assistance*, and the destroyer flotilla, which comprises the *Keppel*, *Wivern*, *Wolverine*, *Wishart*, and *Wild Swan*, were present.

S

Next day we had the rare opportunity of seeing a rear-admiral and three other officers of the Mediterranean fleet at Mandelieu against a picked Cannes team, and the visitors put up an excellent and strenuous fight, although, owing largely to the double handicap of a strange ground and ponies of a much higher load-line than those to which they had been accustomed of late, as one of them expressed it, they were beaten by a narrow margin. A luncheon at the Polo Club preceded the game, and a *thé dansant* followed it.

Many other entertainments have been arranged for the naval visitors, chief among them being a big garden-party and dance at the Villa Springland at the invitation of Lady Boot, who has persuaded the proprietors of the Pavillon d'Armenonville to lend the famous Roumanian Orchestra of Jonesco for the occasion. They are also to take part in the Battle of Flowers on Thursday, and, judging from all I have heard, both officers and men are quite ready to return to the Riviera any time they can get the chance, for they feel quite at home in this British colony.

E. Navello

ON THE TERRACE

Miss Dorothy Ward, the popular actress, taking a well-earned rest at Monte Carlo after the strenuous pantomime season

Raquel Mellex sang, at a recent dinner, and was received with enthusiasm, which reached its height when she appeared in a simple skirt and blouse, with a basket of violets, and sang the song of which the public never seems to tire, and which had brought her fame and fortune. The Russian Ballet is coming over from Monte Carlo to give a gala performance at Cannes in aid of the Franco-Russian Home, and another charity entertainment to which we are looking forward is one being arranged by the Hon. Ethel Cadogan, for many years a lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, who has secured the patronage and the attendance of many distinguished people, notably Maréchal Foch, who will have a warm welcome.

S

The Duke of Connaught has promised to attend the concert of works by English composers at Monte Carlo, by way of showing his appreciation of the interest taken by Prince Pierre of Monaco in the British colony, and an artistic and social success seems certain. Entertainments follow on one another's heels almost too quickly for the average visitor to keep in touch with them all, and Monte Carlo has this season excelled itself in the number and variety of the concerts, galas, operas, and theatrical performances offered for the amusement of the visitors.

S

The Menton Battle of Flowers went off well in perfect weather, and the number of decorated carriages was the largest for many years. Indoor recreations are as plentiful as ever, and the Spanish Gala at the Imperial collected a marvellous display of Spanish shawls and costumes, to say nothing of two grim figures shrouded in white, bearing huge swords, who represented Grand Inquisitors, but were far more genial than they looked.

S

Flat-racing is the sporting event of the moment at the Var racecourse, near Nice, and the topic of the tennis world has been the final struggle between Miss Helen Wills and Kingsley and the French couple, Mlle. Vlasto and Cochet, when the latter won after a remarkable contest, in which the deciding set went to 13—11. The film industry at Nice becomes more important each week, and many big pictures are now being produced here under favourable conditions, Rex Ingram leading the way and being a prominent figure in the locality. As he indulges in sea-bathing every day, one might also call him a prominent figure on the beach.

S

The longer days are making sports of all kinds very pleasant all along the Côte d'Azur, and those who come South for the Spring season will have an enjoyable time. The International Tournament at the Cannes Tennis Club has begun with a great list of notable players at this attractive resort, and sailing regattas and many other fixtures are on the programmes of the various towns from Menton to Hyères between now and the beginning of May.

Douglas W. Thorburn.

"Stepping in Society"

Yevonde

MISS SOPHIE DENYS-BURTON

The youngest daughter of Lady Denys-Burton, who is to be presented this Season

Angus Faith

MISS ROSEMARY LINDSAY

Who will attend her first Court this Season. She is the younger daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Robert Lindsay

Yevonde

MISS MARY ASKEW

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marjoribanks Askew, who is one of the Season's débutantes

Hay Wrightson

MISS MILDRED TILTON

The daughter of Mrs. Bigelow Tilton. She will be one of the Season's American débutantes

SOME OF THE COMPETITORS

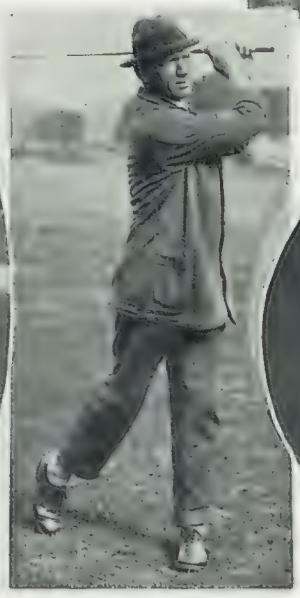
ARTHUR HAVERS
(Coombe Hill)

TOM TRAPP
(Shirley Park)

The Winners in 1923: W. B. SMITH & MRS. BATTERSBY
(Hadley Wood)

The Holders: MISS
Oxhey)

C. A. WHITCOMBE
(Crews Hill)



JOSH TAYLOR
(Richmond Park)

MRS. MOSENTHAL
(Temple)

MISS D. LEON
(Coombe Hill)

MRS. HARKER
(Roehampton)

MRS. REID
(Porters Park)

MISS B. STROHMENGER
(Wentworth)

MISS J. WOOD
(Croham Hurst)

MRS. TROTTER
(Shirley Park)

FOR OUR £500 GOLF TROPHY

STOCKER & TED RAY
(Oxhey)

The Winners in 1924: MISS DAMPNEY & GEORGE GADD
(Roehampton)

W. L. RITCHIE
(Addington)

ABE MITCHELL
(St. Albans)

MRS. LOVELL-BROWNE
(Pollard's Hill)

MISS D. GEARY
(Richmond Park)

MRS. ERLEBACH
(Edgware)

H. C. JOLLY
(Foxgrove)

ALEX. HERD
(Moor Park)

MRS. B. BRINDLE
(Addington)

MRS. D. H. FISH
(Addington)

MRS. BURROWS
(Gerrards Cross)

MRS. E. POULTON
(Sonning)

"Out to Win"

BY "THE TOUT"

Our artist's impression of some of the racing notabilities who may have something to do with the finish of the World's greatest steeplechase, the Grand National, at Aintree next Friday

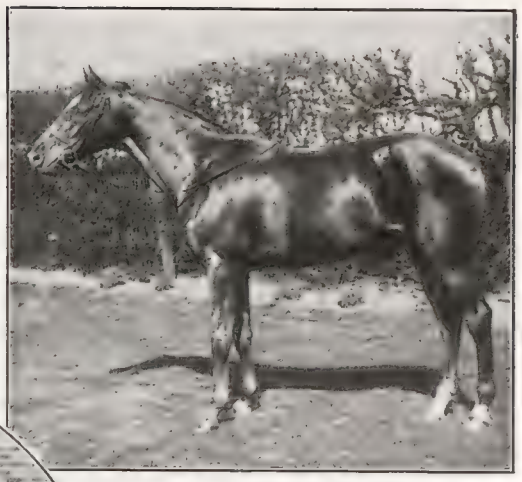
THE GRAND NATIONAL

THRILLS OF THE GREATEST STEEPLECHASE

By "CARBINE"

SPRIG

Mrs. M. Partridge's candidate, who will be ridden by Ted Leader



DOUBLE CHANCE

Jack Anthony's mount, who is owned by Mr. Fred Archer

SILVO

Mr. W. H. Midwood's horse, who will carry Fred Rees in the race

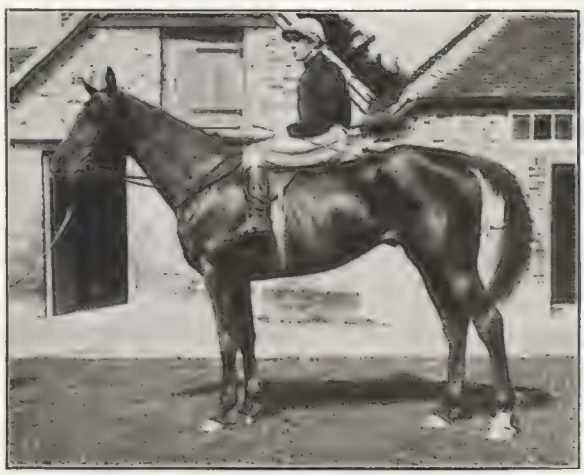
WE have steeplechasing all through the winter, but there is only one race over fences which really kindles the imagination. The Grand National stands out by itself. It is the supreme test of jumping and endurance. No other race in this country, or in any part of the world, can be fittingly compared with it. The Blue Riband of steeplechasing has an immense fascination for the public. The crowd at Aintree is stupendous. The stands are among the largest in the kingdom, yet they are packed to suffocation. Right away round the course thousands of people patiently take up their places long before the hour of the race. They cannot expect to see anything of the finish, but they are quite satisfied with the thrills of watching the horses come over such world-renowned jumps as Becher's Brook and the Canal Turn fence. I always think the latter is the most awkward obstacle on the course. Immediately after jumping it, horses have to bend sharply to the left. This has the effect of causing jockeys to take it at an angle, with the result that there is generally a great deal of grief at this point.

Exciting Incidents

TWO or three years ago a special stand was built near Valentine's Brook for the accommodation of distinguished visitors to the meeting. From this point the King now usually follows the race, enjoying a close-up view of some of the most exciting incidents. Those who are in the chief public stands have the best view of the water jump, which, like the tremendous Open Ditch, is taken only once in the race. It marks the half-way stage of the contest. You can then make sure whether the horse you have backed is still on his legs. As a rule, not more than half of the big field have survived by the time the water-jump is reached. During the second stage of the course you see tired horses come to grief at every leap. Who will be the leaders when the last few fences are tackled on Friday? Will the favourites still be in the running?

Jack Anthony's Choice

LAST year, it will be remembered, it looked to be long odds upon Old Tay Bridge winning the race when he landed over the final jump with a clear lead. It is very seldom in the Grand National that a horse who is first over the last jump is overhauled on the flat. On that occasion, however, Jack Anthony found to his dismay that Old Tay Bridge was powerless to resist the electrical challenge of Double Chance. This time the two will be in rivalry again, with the interesting difference that Anthony, who has an unrivalled record among modern steeplechase jockeys over the Liverpool country, will be the rider of Double Chance. He has chosen that horse in preference to accepting the mount again on Old Tay Bridge. The tip seems to be too obvious to be disregarded. The jockey who has ridden both horses ought to be a good judge of which is likely to be the better of the two at the weights.



Photographs] MISCONDUCT *[W. A. Rouch*

With W. Parvin up, is Major D. M. Methven's candidate

The Favourites

IN spite of Anthony's choice, however, Old Tay Bridge has been as heavily backed as the winner last year. It will be highly interesting to see whether the jockey's judgment will be vindicated. I have all along been under the impression that Sprig will win this Grand National. The only incident that has caused my confidence to weaken slightly is the aggravating accident which occurred to his jockey a few weeks ago. It goes without saying that the rider needs to be just as fit as his horse in such a gruelling race as the premier steeplechase. I sincerely hope that Ted Leader, with his broken collar-bone newly mended, will not be feeling the strain of the struggle when the last mile is reached. Silvo is making his third endeavour to win the Grand National. The first time he finished third and last year he was beaten into fifth place. On both occasions he appeared to fail simply because he was lacking in the necessary stamina.

A Vote for Sprig

IS it possible for a horse of his age to improve in staying power? Obviously it is an unlikely event. At the same time, we cannot ignore the fact that so sound a judge as Mr. Percy Whitaker is once again hopeful that Silvo will do the trick. No doubt he counts largely upon the horse's superb jumping powers, but for my part I doubt whether Silvo can advance on his previous performances on this course. Koko comes into the picture on his Cheltenham performance, while Mount Etna ran a remarkably good trial at Hurst Park. There are several outsiders in the race who may possibly bring about a surprise, but I think the horses I have mentioned will be most prominently concerned in the finish. In the hope that Ted Leader will be sound enough for the task, I have little hesitation in predicting the success of the well-backed **Sprig**. As a second string I take **Double Chance**, who, if he succeeds in scoring for the second year in succession, will have achieved something in the Grand National which has not been done for very many years.

CARBINE.

Produced February 2nd, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a tuneful and lively musical play of American origin, chiefly concerned with the Royal and Ancient Game. A famous comedian once defined golf as a sport in which you have to smite a ball into space, and spend the rest of the day looking for it. If you find it, you have won. I am not myself a very prodigious golfer (except, perhaps, for a certain proficiency at the nineteenth hole), but I know enough about the game to realise that this definition is sadly incomplete. In the present production the accessories of the Golf Club House are very elaborate and seem to provide for pretty well every possible contingency except bed and breakfast. The first scene shows us the "Exterior of the Golf Club" which I think must mean the outside of the Club House. A putting green has been ingeniously arranged on the stage, and at intervals in the opening chorus dainty ladies try their luck at holing in one, with varying success.

THE members of the Club are for the most part wearing plus fours or double sixes, or whatever they call them, of creamy white, a fashion that is new to me. In the case of the men, this may be regarded as a pardonable eccentricity; but the style as affected by the ladies gives you the startling impression that they have broken cover, or something of that sort. We first come to the romantic part of the piece. Golf has always been associated with romance, especially the kind favoured by the indifferent player when recounting his exploits on the links; but the romance in the present case is just Love—which according to the cynics is merely mendacity in another direction. Love in a musical play, however, is usually the straight goods. Convention requires that it shall be the valiant struggle of two fond hearts through adverse influences to a rapturous finish; and as its progress is invariably tricked out with rich sentiment and song, it is always accepted by the ladies as the real thing. Here, therefore, is Polly Pendleton, the daughter of a wealthy golfing outfitter, lingering on the putting green with her hand-

heart's in the game!" a little outbreak of sentiment that speaks for itself.

THE suitor favoured by Mr. Pendleton is Harold Regan (Mr. George Hamilton) the club's champion, who is to play in a forthcoming match, and win with the Pendleton golf ball, thus achieving both a sporting and a commercial success. We

have now got the principals in the ring, as you might say, but we know that whatever kind of a fight is put up, true love will conquer at the finish. Otherwise the ladies in the pit would want their money back. Besides, it leaks out that Tom Sterling is really a millionaire in disguise, and there is no love so true as that expressed in terms of currency. But it so happens that nothing is here left to chance. There is Kid Boots, the Caddie Master, who makes the defeat of the opposition his personal business. This part is taken by Mr. Leslie Henson, who exhausts most of the known resources of humour, past and present, in his sturdy efforts to entertain and amuse, and the continuous laughter in the house is a happy tribute to his overwhelming success.

Stage Photo Co.

A "WEIGHTY" QUESTION

Carmen Mendoza (Queenie Ashton) (left), Tom Sterling (Arthur Margetson), Harold Regan (George Hamilton), Polly Pendleton (Edna Bellonini) and Herbert Pendleton (Ernest Graham) are slightly mystified by the machinations of Kid Boots (Leslie Henson) with his patent weighted golf balls

KID BOOTS is, to begin with, the inventor of a golf ball built with a bias, like a bowler's "wood," so that it obeys the Einstein law of looking in one direction and proceeding in another. As the result of a straight putt, the ball rolls round the hole and comes back ready for another start. Kid Boots finds the ball very useful when giving putting instruction to very raw amateurs, as they need so many extra lessons, on the usual terms, before becoming proficient. One of his pupils, for instance, is Dr. Josephine Fitch, played with perfect humour by Miss Diana Wilson. The spectacle of an earnest lady striving to putt a ball with a marked tendency for taking the wrong some instructor, Tom Sterling, who pretends to be no more than the club's semi-professional exponent of the game. The way is thus paved for a charming duet by Miss Edna Bellonini and Mr. Arthur Margetson, entitled "If your

Stage Photo Co.

WHEN SILENCE IS VERY GOLDEN

Kid Boots reasons earnestly with Dr. Josephine Fitch (Diana Wilson) about her uncalled-for interruptions of the match between Tom Sterling and Harold Regan

turning on purpose, is extremely laughable.

But it is in the next scene that the lady doctor and Kid Boots obtain the effect known, I think, as a scream. We are shown the "Ladies' Locker Room," designed presumably for strict feminine privacy, and regarded in most clubs, I think, as holy ground—at least as long as daylight lasts. And no fellow can be blamed for missing his way in the dark. Kid Boots, however, invades this sanctum in broad daylight, and on being challenged by the lady doctor protests that he is ill. So she listens to his heart beats, and then orders him to sit in a commodious chair in the centre of the stage for further treatment. The chair suddenly becomes extremely electrified, so that as soon as Kid Boots can fight his way out of it his one desperate longing is to sit for a while on something quite cool. I shall not claim that this is altogether the humour of the drawing-room; but it is to be recorded that it provokes a regular paroxysm of laughter.

Then we get back to the plot, which, after all, is far more coherent than is usual in musical comedy. We are on the eve of the great match which is to test the value of the Pendleton golf ball. It is to be Harold Regan *versus* Randolph Valentine of a rival golf club. Valentine is most amusingly represented by Mr. Peter Haddon, who turns up at the "Caddie Shop" of the Golf Club, and discusses the forthcoming match with Kid Boots. Kid's idea is that something must be done to incapacitate Valentine from playing in the match. The club would then have to call on Tom Sterling, the admirer of Polly Pendleton. In a highly amusing scene Kid discusses with Valentine the law on the subject of putting a fellow creature out of action, and all the while he is toying significantly with a large hammer, which has a clear suggestion of its own. Having decided upon his programme, Kid claims to be about to swat a fly, and brings down his hammer on Valentine's wrist. That little precaution having been taken, it remains only to stuff Mr. Regan's kit-bag with the balls that leave off where they began, and the triumph of Virtue and the vanquishing of Vice are agreeably assured.

It is in this scene that we have one of the outstanding songs of the evening, with the familiar title of "Polly put the Kettle On." It is most ably rendered by Mr. Arthur Margetson and the *ensemble*, which I am told is American for chorus. The song is, I think, destined to become popular. For the rest, while Mr. Henson with his energetic humour is the chief feature of this entertaining production, there is still room for the fairer side of the company to assert itself. Thus Miss Edna Bellonini throws herself into the part of Polly with a contagious enthusiasm, and dances with a fixity of purpose that makes it impossible to ignore the extreme shapeliness of her nimble nether limbs. Miss Vera Lennox is a bright and lively foil to Mr. Henson's playful antics; and Miss Queenie Ashton distinguishes herself in the more ambitious music of the entertainment. Mr. Claud Hulbert's eccentric dancing is as able and as welcome as ever; and the ladies of the chorus—I should say *ensemble*—are very, very sweet. "Kid Boots" should get there—with both feet.

JINGLE.

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

IT is surely time that those nations who constitute the League of Nuisances got out of that deadlockarno spirit.

. . . .

A MR. ASS has just been appointed pastor of a New England congregation. But there was a celebrated Vicar of Bray before him.

. . . . . .

THEY order many things better in the U.S.A. For instance, we have just read that Chicago has recently issued an up-to-date Murderers' Who's Who.

. . . . . .

THE miners declare that without a continuance of the subsidy they cannot subsist. To most of us that reflection will be coaled comfort.

. . . . . .

"NAH," roared the Communist tub-titillator, "I never went to none of your Etons. Bow and 'Arrow was good enough for me."

. . .

HE had never bought a drink since 1913. Judge then the barman's astonishment when he eventually planked down threepence for a bottle of beer!

. . . .

"WHAT do you think of your chicken soup, sir?"

"I am of the opinion that the bird has proved a complete alibi."

. . . .

THIS WEEK'S REFLECTION.—Oh, if they would only settle their differences over a French Château Briand or an English pint!

. . . .

"MY dear, these cinemas are always too crowded."

"But, auntie, there's always room to squeeze in."

THREE WAILS.

POOR ME!

Oh, my poor old head is reeling,
Till I think I'll go insane,
And I feel my blood congealing,
And my grief I can't restrain.
It's as bad as though you'd cleft me
With a pickaxe through the brain,
For my girl has gone and left me
On the lorn, lorn trail again!

POOR SUZANNE!

Though I only know that Cannes is
Somewhere by the azure main,
There I'm told that poor Suzanne is
Suffering from tennis strain;
Though she's natty, neat and nimble,
Journalistic scribes maintain,
Wimbledon mayn't see her wimble
On the Lenglen trail again!

POOR JONES!

Now my poor old next-door neighbour,
Who has just got off his train,
Starts to do an hour's hard labour,
Or his missus raises Cain.
He has doffed his coat and bowler,
And his back is bent with pain,
Wrestling with the garden roller
On the lawn, lawn trail again!

. . . . .

IT is reported that the human head found in a train at Guildford has not been claimed by Mr. Lloyd George. That gentleman lost his years ago.

ONCE again a contemporary enquires whether Platonic Love is possible. Most husbands will assure him that it is so.

. . .

AN unspeakable tragedy—when Cambridge shot Hammersmith Bridge.

. . .

"No, your worship," remarked the constable, "I couldn't rightly 'ear what he called the prosecutor as he had an impediment in his moustache."

. . . . .

IT is alleged that the Moor has the most acute sense of humour. For once, the old saying, "the Moor the merrier" appears to be accurate.

. . . . .

A SCIENTIST declares that fruits as well as plants are sensitive. Now we know why nervous bananas jump out of their skins.

. . . . .

There was an old chap called a
"pessimist,"
Who lived all his life in a messy mist;
And I'd surely be shot,
If a joke he could spot,
Though there must have been thousands
I guess he missed.

. . . . .

DISCUSSING the chances of some of the candidates for the Lincoln and the Grand National, a racing correspondent who has been busy compiling statistics on The Congo *re* Test Match and King Willow maintains (*Coram populo*), that while he means to take a Double Chance with Master Billie, he considers that Pasha has been Thrown In Old Tay Bridge.

BY GEORGE S. DIXON

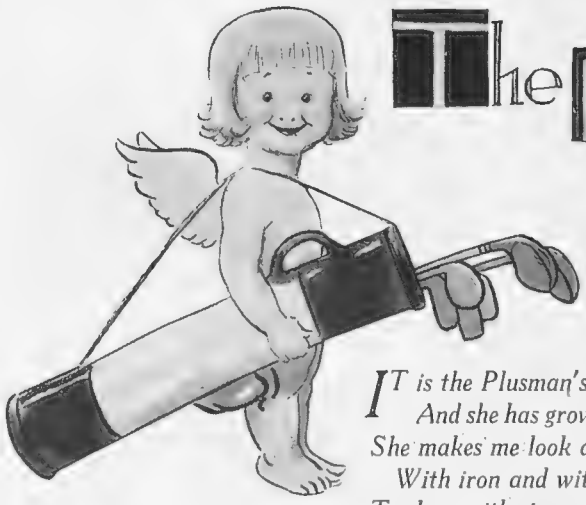
NOT QUITE THEIR LINE

HE: "We've got to carry the quarry at the next hole"
SHE: "Why should we? Let the caddies carry it"

A Seasonable Thought

BY JACK GORDGE

"O to be in Spring now that England's here!"



The Plusman's Daughter.

By Robert K. Risk.

IT is the Plusman's Daughter,
And she has grown so good, so good,
She makes me look a rotter,
With iron and with wood ;
To-day, with stony-hearted glee,
She strafed me level, 5 and 3.

Yet I would be her jersey,
Whose green outvies the flush of Spring,
I'd hug her without mercy,
And dislocate her swing ;
" Unsportsmanlike ! " may be your view ;
Still, quite a buxom thing to do.

And I would be the bootlace
Upon her dainty, dainty feet ;
My task would not be fruitless,
For ah! how it were sweet
To spiflicate her manly stride
By coming tactfully untied.

And I would be her putter,
That plays its smooth, obedient role,
And taps them, pat as butter,
To the receptive hole ;
Then eighteen times per round I might
Caress her fingers, warm and white.

It is the Plusman's Daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear
That I'm convinced I oughter
Churchward this instant steer ;
Counting on wife-like sympathy
From her who strafed me, 5 and 3.

So now farewell to singles,
For she is grown so kind, so kind,
The lady of these jingles
Has quite made up her mind
To take the name of Loftus-Binks,
And be my partner on life's links.

Sketches by ALFRED LEETE

A Winning Treble from Theatreland

A TABLE DECORATION [*Navana*

Miss Sheila Armstrong lends a decorative touch to the photographer's table. She is appearing in "Turned Up," the musical show at the New Oxford Theatre

Sasha

THE CALL OF THE WILDFLOWER

The popular Australian star, Miss Kitty Reidy, "sits it out" with the camera. She is playing lead in "Wildflower," the musical play at the Shaftesbury Theatre

Abb

'PEEP-BO!"

Miss Bessie Love, the film star, greets a friend of long standing. She has temporarily left Hollywood to fulfil an engagement in Paris

A BOOK, A PLAY AND A MAN OF TO-DAY

BY REGINALD ARKELL

ILLUSTRATED BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

"CAREERS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS."

(Sir Herbert Morgan, K.B.E.)

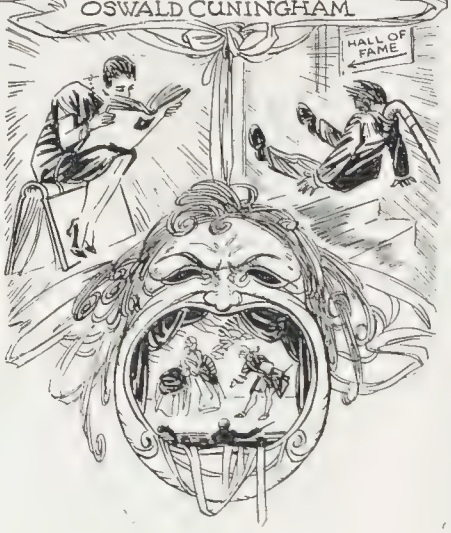
'TIS Youth that crowds the busy quays,
'Tis Youth that sails away,
With pennon floating in the breeze;
Seeking those scarcely charted seas—
Impatient of delay.
Some find the trade-routes charted plain,
And some we never see again.

The day has dawned, the tide is up,
The wind is setting fair;
Yet Youth and Beauty sit and sup,
For there is wine within the cup
And laughter everywhere:
And neither recks the icy blast
That brings the traveller home at last.

But Youth has never yet been stayed,
And Youth must ever roam;
Confident, eager, unafraid,
Each morning sees some anchor weighed,
Each night some ship comes home:
While Age stands by that busy quay
Waiting the harvest of the sea.

Shall we who sailed where Youth must sail
Stand idly by the shore;
Watching those bold adventurers fail;
Leaving the tempest and the gale
To drive them home once more?
Or shall we take them by the hand
And lead them to their Promised Land?

Here is a book—the sort of book
To read and read again.
A book of cold, un-clever truth;
A tonic for romantic Youth—
A Bradshaw for the Brain!
A book that charts the routes of trade
And tells us all how men are made.



ABE MITCHELL

(who has "stumbled on a secret of the game").

NEW secrets each succeeding day
Hover around us as we play.
How can I hope to learn them all?
I keep my eye upon the ball;
I make the club-head follow through
Exactly as you told me to.
I take my mashie in the rough
And hit the ball just hard enough,
Yet not too hard—I reach the green
In something over seventeen;
I stand, serene and undismayed
By stymies, well and truly laid,
And now, just when my task is done,
You go and guess another one!

"ROSE MARIE."

"ROSE MARIE, I love you,
I'm always dreaming of you."
Men who write that sort of rhyme
Really should be doing time!
Though your simple story
Dates from days gone by;
Though your tunes are known to me,
Still I love you, Rose Marie—
If you listen, I will tell you why:

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
The boys went marching—
Marching to the music of the band.
Marching over Salisbury Plain,
Ten miles out and home again,
With the dear old Colonel in command.
Marching to the same old tune that mother sang,
When they sat upon their mother's knee;
Marching over Salisbury Plain,
Not a thought of Drury Lane—
Not a thought of Rose Marie.

"Rose Marie, I *luv* you,
I'm always thinking *uv* you."
Once I marched on Salisbury Plain,
Now I march to Drury Lane.
Time has brought its changes
Since those days gone by:
Sitting in my stall, I see
Others march instead of me,
And I do not heave one single sigh.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
The girls are marching—
Marching to the music of the band.
Up and down and back again,
On the stage at Drury Lane—
Herman has his baton in his hand.
Marching to the same old tune that mother sang,
When they sat upon their mother's knee.
Men who marched on Salisbury Plain
Like to sit at Drury Lane—
That's your secret, Rose Marie.

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In the Salle Privée a world-famous industrial magnate was winning £20,000 at a sitting. In the public rooms a boy with one arm was losing £100, the price his country gave him annually for his injuries.

But win or lose, the croupiers relieved one another and the game went on. For that is Monte Carlo; some eyes are red-rimmed, others are radiant; some wear Paquin models, others threadbare coats; some come to enjoy themselves; some come to die; and always the game goes on.

So thought Michael Jackson as he walked from table to table watching the play on an afternoon in March.

"Gentlemen—make your stakes!"

A mug's game, if ever there was one—and yet what a thrill in it!

Michael himself did not look as though he would be easily thrilled. He wore an eye-glass, a good suit of clothes, and an expression bland to the point of fatuity. As he walked from table to table, watching now this player, now that, he looked much like any nine out of ten other young Englishmen who find themselves down on the Riviera—rather bored that he had ever come down there and yet rather interested in spite of himself.

He came to a table around which there were more people than at the others and, looking across, observed a little fat, bald-headed man of Semitic appearance standing immediately behind a very pretty girl.

For a fleeting instant Michael's eyes opened wide, showing that on occasions he could be more alert than his general manner would have led people to suppose. Then he refixed his eye-glass, yawned, and looked back across the table—this time at the girl.

She was wearing a sable wrap, a rope of pearls wound thickly round her wrist, and evidently was out of luck, for as the croupier raked in a big pile of chips, he noticed her biting her lips. He did not feel particularly sorry for her. If it upset her so much to lose she would do better not to gamble.

He had not been watching her for long before he knew perfectly well that she would not at all object if he spoke to her. In fact, by a glance here, and a little grimace there when she lost, she showed him so.

But Michael, though he wore an eye-glass and at times a singularly fatuous expression, was by no means a fool. He had reached years of discretion and knew it was never wise to intrude oneself into the affairs of pretty ladies wearing sable cloaks and pearls when they were playing in maximums and losing.

In fact, in spite of an almost irresistible glance which she gave him—and she had really mesmeric eyes—he would have passed out of her life back to the safety of his suite at the Hôtel de Paris but for an incident.

The incident was this: Just as the girl with the mesmeric eyes had lost her last remaining chip and just as Michael was about to leave, he saw the Jew lay his pudgy little hand on the girl's white arm and heard him ask:

"How goes it, my little one?"

"Not well at all," she answered, at the same time leaning back and whispering in his ear

The little man took a bundle of notes from his pocket and gave them to her, and she continued to play.

Once more Michael's rather lazy eyes opened wide for the fraction of a second. One thing was evident. The little fat man and the pretty girl were not father and daughter.

"If she has got someone with her, why does she want to pick me up?" thought Michael. He retired to the bar to reflect upon the matter.

He was sitting on a high stool, fishing for the cherry in his cocktail, when he heard voices behind.

"*Trente mille.*"

"*Non*" (indignantly) "*cinquante!*"

A glass at the back of the bar reflected the table behind and Michael saw the little Jew and the girl. He could not catch anything further that they said, but they were evidently in argument. Presently he saw more money change hands, and as the girl seemed fairly satisfied, presumed she had got at least *quarante*.

After a few minutes she got up and went back into the rooms. Michael followed. She was certainly a trier; this was her third attempt to get the better of the bank; he would see if her luck changed.

It did not. Things, if possible, went worse than before; at least she seemed to lose her money more quickly. With her last counters she backed the last six numbers.

The croupier announced "*Numéro un*" with that peculiar grunt that always makes "Number one" sound so offensive to those who have backed the *six derniers*. Michael looked round to see if the little fat man was about, then spoke:

"You have not luck, Madame."

"I have not, indeed, Monsieur."

She was in evident distress, and Michael thought a well-iced cocktail might be the best remedy.

They had not been in the bar many minutes before he regretted what he had done. She looked at him in her most engaging manner, and asked him if he would lend her money.

Michael's face grew hard. The little Jew must have given her at least sixty or seventy thousand francs that afternoon.

He said that unfortunately he, too, had no money. Of course he knew she would not believe him; but he did not anticipate her next manœuvre.

"Then this evening I shall get no dinner," she said.

Michael looked at her very much puzzled.

"Why will you get no dinner?" he enquired.

"Because I have not the money even for a sandwich," she answered.

Michael looked quickly at her wrist around which a few minutes before he had seen pearls that must have been worth at least a hundred thousand francs. The pearls were no longer there.

"I am sorry I cannot lend you money," he said; "but I should be very happy if you would have dinner with me."

To his surprise she accepted with alacrity. Could it really be she had lost everything she had and but for him would have gone dinnerless? Stranger cases had been known in Monte Carlo. But there was the little Jew, who seemed to give her money whenever she asked him for it. What exactly was the relationship of those two? As he dressed, Michael resolved to get to the bottom of the matter before the evening ended.

They dined. She proved a charming companion. But beyond learning that she was Russian and had been in Monte Carlo three days, Michael could find out little about her. When coffee came he asked her what she wished to do.

"I will go back to play again. My uncle has given me some more money."

"*Your uncle!*"

There was no resemblance whatever between the two. How could there be between a pretty Russian and a Syrian Jew?

She laughed. "Yes—how you say—'My uncle,' is it not . . . he lend me money for my pearls and for my cloak."

"You mean?" . . . Michael looked at her and noticed that she wore no jewellery at all.

"I pawn them to him. First the cloak and then the pearls. I have not the vein at all and now I have lost both."

They talked on, and Michael found that the situation was really as she described. Apparently, the odious little Jew made a practice of frequenting the rooms and offering fair ladies loans on the security of their jewels and furs. This, then, was the explanation of the conversation he had heard in the bar.

"But you have still some money. You are going to play again."

"Yes. This evening, after I see you, I have pawn myself."

She laughed and never had Michael heard a merrier chuckle.

"How do you mean? You have pawned yourself!"

"If I lose the money he lend me, I have promise I will go with him for a voyage in his yacht; he have asked me to many times." She looked at the clock. "Well, thank you very much for the nice dinner and now I think I go back to play. You come with me to bring me luck. I will need it for I am not . . . how you say . . . a good sailor."

Again that infectious laugh.

"Yes, I will," said Michael, "and let me tell you, I have brought you luck already; at least it is a good job for you that we met."

So it was that Michael found himself associated in one of the strangest gambles that could well be imagined.

She had evidently obtained a good sum as the price of her last transaction, for she continued to play in maximums, but her luck remained atrocious and she was left at last with one counter of 100 francs. She made no attempt to bet with this, but held it in her hand while the game continued.

It was then Michael noticed the little Jew. He was standing on the opposite side of the table. Evidently he knew how she had fared, for his whole face was wrinkled like a cat's with suppressed contentment.

Then, as coup after coup was called and she still did not bet, he grew impatient. Michael saw him looking at the clock, at the wheel, and at the hundred franc counter in her hand.

The amazing thing was that the girl herself was as composed as when the evening began, though goodness knows the very sight of that little Jew standing waiting there was enough to send any woman into hysterics.

The hours went by. Still she did not bet. At last the croupier announced:

"*Les trois derniers coups, Messieurs,*"

She stood perfectly impassive while he spun the wheel. Once she leant forward as though she was going to play, then drew back.

"*Numéro cinq!*" announced the croupier.

She turned to Michael.

"It is lucky I did not play. I should have bet upon the six."

Once more the wheel was spun and once more she did not play. The Jew was now evidently in a state of extreme impatience, and Michael himself felt he could not stand much more of it.

"*Messieurs, le dernier coup,*" announced the croupier.

She held out her last little red counter to Michael.

"Will you play for me?" she asked.

"No, I'm damned if I will," said Michael, turning away.

"Then I must find the number that will save me from this long sea voyage for myself."

She looked attentively at the board and at last threw her counter on to number 9.

"The curse of Scotland—when it is a diamond card"—she looked at Michael and laughed, "and his name he say it is MacGregor."

"MacGregor! His name is nothing of the sort," said Michael, looking at the little Jew in a way that made the latter shift his feet uneasily.

Michael heard the gentle purr of the little ivory ball running round the smooth surface of the wheel; then the tick! tick! tick! as it began to hit the stops; and then—after what seemed an interminable period—a voice:

"*Zero!*"

Quarter of an hour later the little Jew stood on the Casino steps, a sable cloak over his arm and in his pocket a string of pearls.

She was long in coming. She had gone for a drink with that young English fool. Well, thought the little Jew, he could afford to laugh at him.

And then he started, as a hand was laid on his shoulder, and looking up he saw two of the gaily uniformed officers of the Monaco police. Behind them stood Michael Jackson.

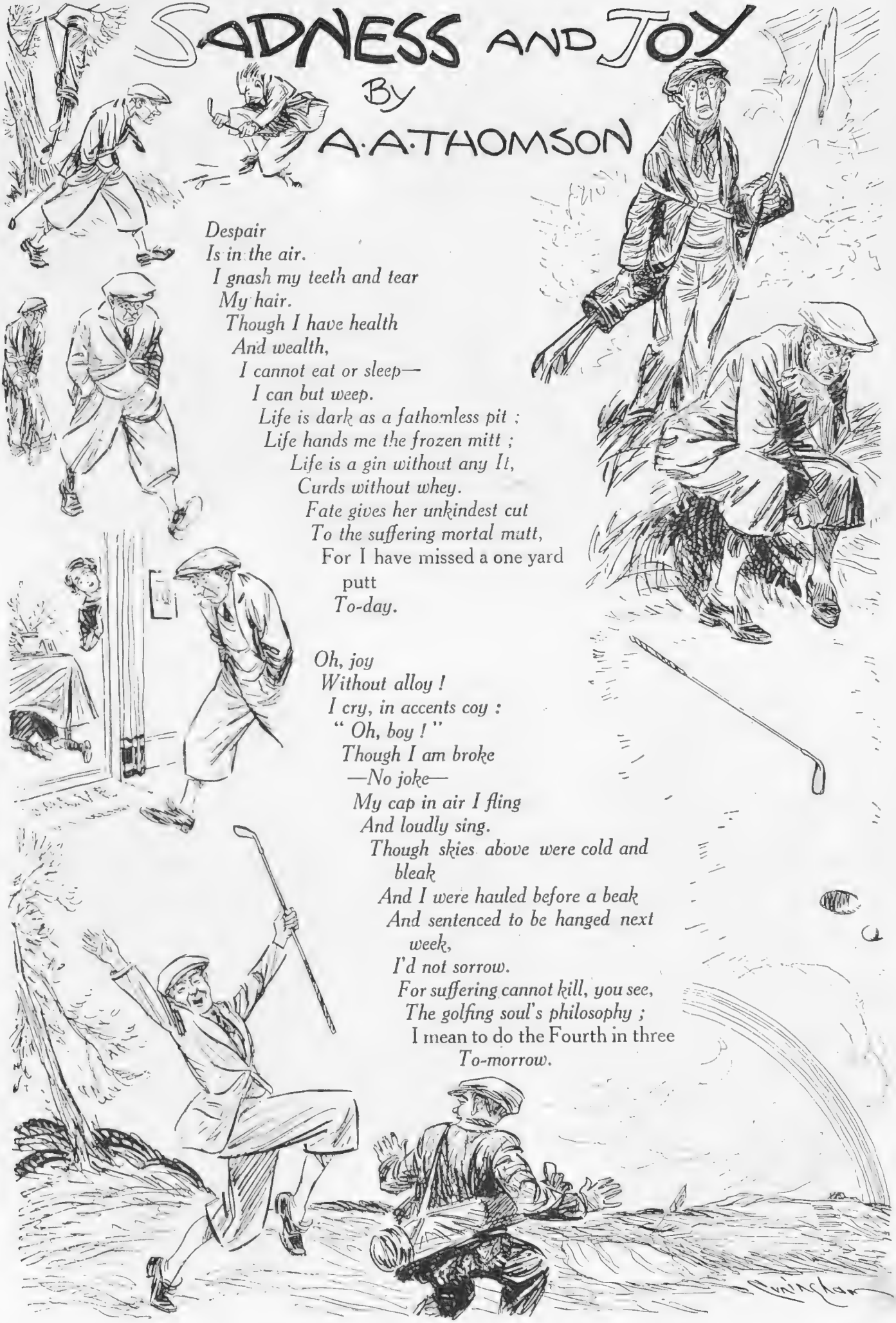
"That is your man," said Michael. "He used to have a beard; but if you will bring him along I can identify him to you by his finger prints; I have slips with me I brought from London."

So Angus MacGregor, alias Abe Levine, forger and international crook, whom Michael Jackson had been sent specially from Scotland Yard to Monaco to fetch, did not go yachting after all. But he kicked up a prodigious fuss when Michael took the sable cloak and pearls from him and restored them to their late owner—and really in that case he had a grievance, but not strong enough to stand against such a pair of eyes.

SADNESS AND JOY

By

A. A. THOMSON



Despair
Is in the air.
I gnash my teeth and tear
My hair.
Though I have health
And wealth,
I cannot eat or sleep—
I can but weep.
Life is dark as a fathomless pit ;
Life hands me the frozen mitt ;
Life is a gin without any It,
Curds without whey.
Fate gives her unkindest cut
To the suffering mortal mutt,
For I have missed a one yard putt
To-day.

Oh, joy
Without alloy !
I cry, in accents coy :
" Oh, boy ! "
Though I am broke
—No joke—
My cap in air I fling
And loudly sing.
Though skies above were cold and bleak
And I were hauled before a beak
And sentenced to be hanged next week,
I'd not sorrow.
For suffering cannot kill, you see,
The golfing soul's philosophy ;
I mean to do the Fourth in three
To-morrow.

Pictorial Points from Some

Ian Smith

GEN. SIR W. PEYTON, the new G.O.C. for Scotland (in centre), who acted as judge. With him are CAPT. and MRS. STEVENSON, MRS. BLAIR and MISS KEITH MURRAY

CAVALRYMEN IN THE FIELD

Some onlookers at the Hussars Point-to-Point races held recently at Marchbank, Balerno, near Edinburgh

Ian Smith

MRS. ELLIS, ON WHOSE GROUND THE MEET TOOK PLACE

Central News

ROYALTY IN THE FIELD

Prince Henry, mounted on "Bathgarogue," taking the last jump in the race which he won. The photograph was taken at the 1st Cavalry Brigade Point-to-Point meeting at Wokingham

Ian Smith

LADY MARGARET AND LADY ANGELA SCOTT AND LADY ALEXANDRA HAIG

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A Correspondence School for Golf.

By Basil Macdonald Hastings

Illustrations by ALFRED LEETE

BOGEY! Bogey! Bogey!

This is a public announcement.

A great many people do not play golf and so cannot talk it. Now, while the playing of golf is a useful social accomplishment, the talking of it is a *sine qua non*, and I am satisfying a long-felt want with my newly-instituted correspondence course for those who would be golf-wise. All you need do is to send all the money you've got (in plain motors) and you will soon get the little grey looks . . books, I should say.

Bogey! Bogey! Bogey!

How is this for a specimen paper?

Q.—Is golf a game?

A.—No. Golf is a prank.

Q.—How do you pronounce golf?

A.—To rhyme with wolf. When correctly pronounced, your lips will protrude like a jazz-band nigger's.

Q.—How did golf get its name?

A.—A certain Scottish king was once strolling along the banks and braes of bonnie Doon when he saw two of his chieftains hitting small gutties with sticks and then sauntering in pursuit. The King said: "I do not like to see my soldiers spending their time in that way. It is the game of lazy fellows." "G(ame) O(f) L(azy) F(ellows)" was afterwards abbreviated to GOLF.

Q.—How can you tell if a man wants to talk golf?

A.—If politics turn him purple, racing turns him red, literature turns him yellow, religion turns him black, drama turns him green, science turns him white, and music turns him blue.

Q.—What is the golfer's favourite song?

A.—"Come, birdie, come."

Q.—Who was the first golfer?

A.—Julius Cæsar, who stopped a hole to keep the win away.

Q.—Why do golfers wear horrible clothes?

A.—As a badge of their tribe, just as Jews were once compelled to wear the gaberdine.

Q.—How would you define golf?

A.—The Sergeant-major called it "'Ockey at the 'alt," but it is best described as a sort of outdoor tiddley-winks.

Q.—What is the difference between the two pursuits?

A.—In tiddley-winks a large number of counters have to be flicked into one cup. In golf a ball has to be flicked into a large number of holes. In tiddley-winks the counters are projected by a larger or king counter. In golf the ball is driven by the driver, biffed by the baffy, brassed by the brassie, putted by the putter, ironed out by the iron, mashed by the mashie, clicked by the cleek, nibbled by the niblick, and damned by everybody.

Q.—When should one play golf?

A.—When the weather is not wet enough to keep one indoors playing tiddley-winks.

Q.—Must one be an athlete to play golf?

A.—No. Whereas the expert tiddleyer of winks or winker of tiddleys (whichever you may be) must have a steady nerve and a clear eye all that is needed for playing golf is the ability to walk and give away half-crowns.

Q.—How do you play a hole?

A.—Watch your opponent swipe his ball away and then let him go off to find it. Now knock your own ball along in the direction of the hole. Half an hour later you will meet your opponent at the trysting-place of the hole. He will say, "I did it in three." You will reply, "I'm an income-tax payer myself; I also did it in three." This is called "Halving the whole."

"I'm an income-tax payer myself; I also did it in three"

Q.—When is the game over?

A.—When you are standing drinks round.

Q.—When is the game half-over?

A.—When you are at the farthest point from the clubhouse.

Q.—Where do golfers go if they are bad?

A.—To the bar.

Q.—Where do golfers go if they are good?

A.—America.

Q.—How do you win at golf?

A.—When your opponent is away in an adjoining county banging at the foot of a small precipice, hook one of your clubs round your ball and draw it along as you do in ice-hockey. Push it into the hole. Go on doing this until you are dormy and your opponent is balmy.

Q.—What does the phrase "Like-as-we-lie" mean?

A.—This is said when both sides have played the same number of strokes and are telling the truth, because there are two kinds of "lies," golfing and non-golfing.

Q.—What is a plus man?

A.—A plus man is a good player. A bad player is non-plussed. *Non plus* is Latin for "no more," but bad golfers never take the hint.

Q.—Why was golf invented?

A.—As an excuse for men to bunk away from business. Hence the term, bunker.

Q.—Does golf figure in history?

"You are dormy and your opponent is balmy"

A.—It was played by Mary, Queen of Scots, and Charles I, who both lost their heads.

Q.—Does golf figure in fiction?

A.—No. The reason is that fiction figures too largely in golf.

Q.—Will golf be taxed?

A.—No, because you can't tax a tax.

Q.—Is golf good for the body?

A.—As long as you don't guzzle.

Q.—Is golf good for the soul?

A.—As long as you don't foozle.

You will understand that this is merely a sample of what I am prepared to impart. When you have filled in the coupon and emptied your bank account, I will tell you the stories of "The Death-Tee at Troon" and "The Mad Medallist of Machrihanish." I will present serially the great golfing novel, "Links by Links," showing how the Stymie of Carnoustie was convicted of slicing the heir of Hoylake into a thousand pieces. You shall know the Irish poem, "Rub-of-the-Green," and a treatise on "Divots from Dornoch" shall be yours for daily consultation. Send in now, and to-morrow there will reach you Books A, B, C, entitled respectively "The Fearsome Foursome," "Should Ladies Scratch?" and "From Caddie to Coronet."

Bogey! Bogey! Bogey!

B. M. H.

Golf Stars and their Courses

II.—THE MID-SURREYS

By DELL LEIGH

It is very nice to be able to say, as many men do, "I'll meet you at Earl's Court Station at 1.30," and then to find yourself at about five minutes past two on the first tee at Mid-Surrey, facing that zareba of deadly bunkers. The young gallant who tells the telephone girl at his office that he has "a chill on the liver," and proceeds to his mid-week golf in the super-sports spitfire, with the clubs strapped on the running boards, avoids Mid-Surrey. They don't like him there—and besides he has only got her at half throttle by the time he roars into Richmond: useless for him.

Mid-Surrey, apart from the mere bagatelle that it is not in the middle of Surrey, is well named. There is the staid dignity of middle age resting upon the course and its people. It is essentially the place for peaceful mid-week golf, indulged by those fortunates who "pop up to the City now and again," if at all. It adopts the middle, compromising policy in much of its legislation. As, for instance, with regard to its lady members. It gives them a club house and dining-room, and an 18-hole course of their own, with an iron gate between it and them, marking, as it were, The Middle of the Road. It graciously allows ladies, blessed with an L.G.U. handicap of 14 or under (note the beneficence of the "or under") to play on their course on the mid-week days of Tuesday and Thursday—reserving to themselves the right of swarming over the Ladies' Course with two-ball matches on congested Sundays.

There is a mid-Victorian atmosphere about the interior of the Men's club house, very somnolent and solid—and an air of covert intrigue about the Women's—very interesting and disturbing. And, my prevailing depression invariably, you do not get into one bunker here—you find yourself in the middle of about six!

I suppose Mid-Surrey is one of the most cunningly and malevolently bunkered inland courses in England. I have dug in these pernicious places all over Britain; but nowhere that I can remember is the voracious bunker so devastatingly in the line of a mis-played shot than here. And when you reflect that in 1890 (wasn't it?) this terrain was composed of plain park land, as flat as the face of your driver, and is now guarded as to every green, and as to every loose tee shot, by bunkers of machiavellian proportions, it is a high tribute to the original designers, and to those who have embellished their subsequent subtlety.

The Middle-Surreys have a very proper pride in their greens. To the pooh-poohing idiot who has been fancying himself at Gleneagles or Western Dales they supply a liberal education. To him they will seem cursedly fast when he expects them to be slow; he will be three feet short when he was afraid he would over-run: there will be a fall to the right when he has played confidently *to* the right: and a dip to the left when he has poked it up *to* the left. If he is a wise man who has realised his limitations he will say, at about the fourth tee: "I say, these are magnificent greens of yours." And so they are.

Of all the Club's charms, one stands out pre-eminently in my mind. I found there, once, the informative caddie who told me, diffidently, and in four words, of an unknown fault that had been ruining my card for nearly six months. Bless him!

Caricatures of Mid-Surrey players will be found on pages 712 and 713.

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The Children's Shop of London.

These illustrations convey some idea of the charm and novelty always inherent in Rowe productions. You may safely order by post if a personal visit is inconvenient.

Children s garments are fully illustrated and priced in the "Kindergarten Age." Write for your copy to-day.

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Knitted Suit. Silk and Wool of very light weight. Colours: Light saxe, sky, grey, leaf green, almond, white. All sizes 35/6
From Rowe's.

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Children's Fine Wool Cardigans, in new plaid designs. Saxe/sand, nut-brown/beige, rose/beige, almond/lemon. To fit 4 to 12 years 35/6
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Fine Cashmere Jersey and Knickers. Colours: Tan, saxe, leaf brown, champagne, sky, almond. All sizes 35/6
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Mercerised Jerseys. 4/1 rib. In sky, saxe, lemon, champagne, leaf, white, navy, putty, rose. All sizes 18/6
Socks to match .. 5/6
From Rowe's.

No. 808.
Tiny Tots' Jersey and Knickers. Light-weight wool. White/sky, lemon/white, pink/white, almond/beige. All sizes 22/6
From Rowe's.

No. 505.
Mercerised Jersey and Knickers. 1/1 rib. In saxe, rose, white, tan, sky, lemon, champagne. All sizes 29/6
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No. 707.
Light-weight Wool Frock and Knickers. Saxe/white, light saxe/orange, leaf brown/beige, rose/white, putty/white, almond/cedar. All sizes. Frock .. 29/6
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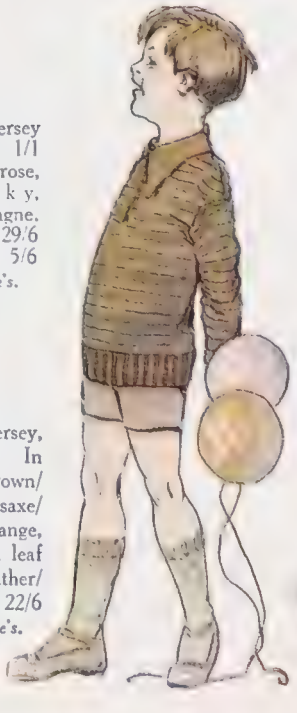
From Rowe's.

No. 606.
Silk and Wool Jersey, Light-weight. In cedar/saxe, leaf brown/orange, light saxe/white, grey/orange, light saxe/leather, leaf brown/copper, leather/orange. All sizes 22/6
From Rowe's.



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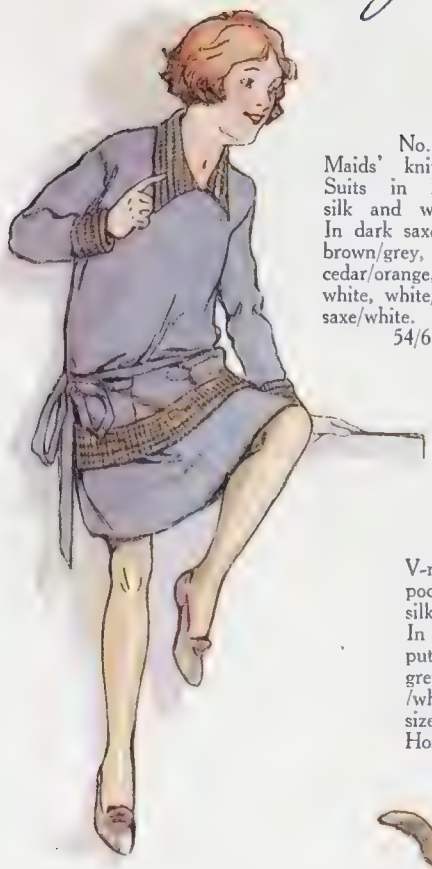


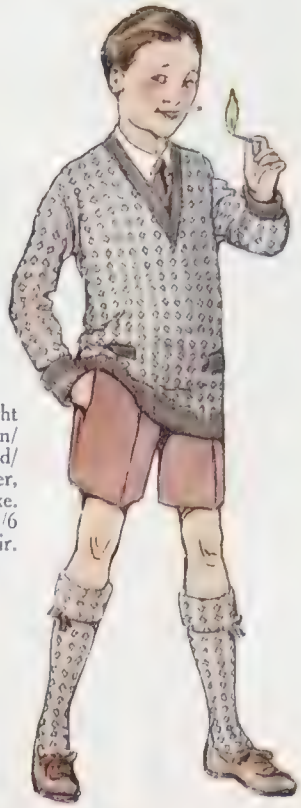
No. 104.
Maids' knitted Jumper Suits in light weight silk and wool mixture. In dark saxe/orange, leaf brown/grey, leather/putty, cedar/orange, almond/white, white/orange, light saxe/white. All sizes. 54/6 suit.
From Rowe's.

No. 205.
V-neck Jersey with pockets. Light weight silk and wool mixture. In dark saxe/orange, putty/saxe, leaf brown/grey, cedar/orange, almond/white, white/orange. All sizes 22/6
Hose to match 9/6 pair.
From Rowe's.

No 306.
Pullover. Medium weight wool. In grey/dark saxe, putty/saxe, leaf brown/leather, putty/almond, grey/champagne, putty/copper. All sizes 29/6
Hose to match 9/11 pair.
From Rowe's.

No. 407.
Knitted Frock medium weight silk and wool mixture. In almond, leaf brown, light and dark saxe, cedar, putty. All sizes 37/6
Bloomers to match .. 13/6
From Rowe's.

No. 508.
Pullover. Light-weight silk and wool mixture. In dark saxe / orange, leaf brown/grey, leather / putty, cedar / orange, almond/white, white / orange, light saxe/white. Also plain white. All sizes 27/6
From Rowe's.



No. 609.
Pullover. Light-weight wool. In dark fawn/jade, covert/copper, gold/brown, almond/copper, leaf/cedar, grey/light saxe. All sizes 29/6
Hose to match 9/11 pair.
From Rowe's.

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No. 102.
Pyjamas. Summer weight, wool mixture, unshrinkable. Blue / white, pink / white, mauve/white stripes. Self: blue, pink, mauve, with white collars and cuffs. All sizes. 13/6 Suit.
From Rowe's.

No. 203.
Combinations. Summer weight, all wool, unshrinkable. Also with low neck, ribbed arm. All sizes 12/6
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No. 304.
"The Bentley." Harris linen. Cherry, mauve, leaf green, butcher blue, saxe, white. All sizes 39/6
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No. 405.
Bath Robes. Best toweline. Saxe/sky, pink/mauve, yellow/green, flame/white, sky/white, white/mauve, white/sky. All sizes 23 6
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No. 506.
Sleeping Suits. Summer weight wool mixture, unshrinkable. Blue/white, pink/white, mauve/white stripes. Self: blue, pink, mauve with white collars and cuffs. All sizes 13/6
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Flannel Shorts in cream, grey, and navy. All sizes, 16 6
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Nursery Overalls in good strong cotton with white collars and cuffs. White, sky, saxe, buff, tan, pink, mauve, flame. All sizes 17/6
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Fine Poplin Blouses. Plain fast colours and smart fancy stripes. All sizes .. 19/6
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The most comprehensive selection Children's Socks, Girls' Stockings and Boys' Hose. "You can surely match it at Rowe's."

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Haircord Smocks in white, smocked in saxe, sky, pink, rose, mauve, green, tan, 1 to 5 years 21/-
From Rowe's.

No. 305.
Wash Frocks in striped gingham. In grey/flame, buff/saxe, flame/white, mauve/white, Reseda/white, tan/white, yellow/white, saxe/white. All sizes 25/-
Bloomers to match .. 7/6
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No. 204.
Suit in uncrushable linen. Organdi collar, cuffs and frill. In white, pink, rose, saxe, buff, tan, brown, apple green, leaf green, helio, mauve. All sizes 29/6
From Rowe's

No. 608
Boys' Wash Suit in broadcloth, piped self and buff. Ivory, champagne, yellow, peach, sky, saxe, tan, mauve, leaf green. All sizes .. 25/-
From Rowe's.

No. 406.
Smocks in plain coloured zephyr, smocked contrast. Buff, mauve, saxe, flame, pink and white. All sizes 14/11
Bloomers to match 7/6
From Rowe's.

No. 507.
Girls' Dresses in Harris linen embroidered in self colours and buff. Sky, saxe, petunia, apple green, canary, apricot, scarlet, buttercup, tango, sand, butcher, rust, jade, rose, tan. All sizes 42/-
From Rowe's.

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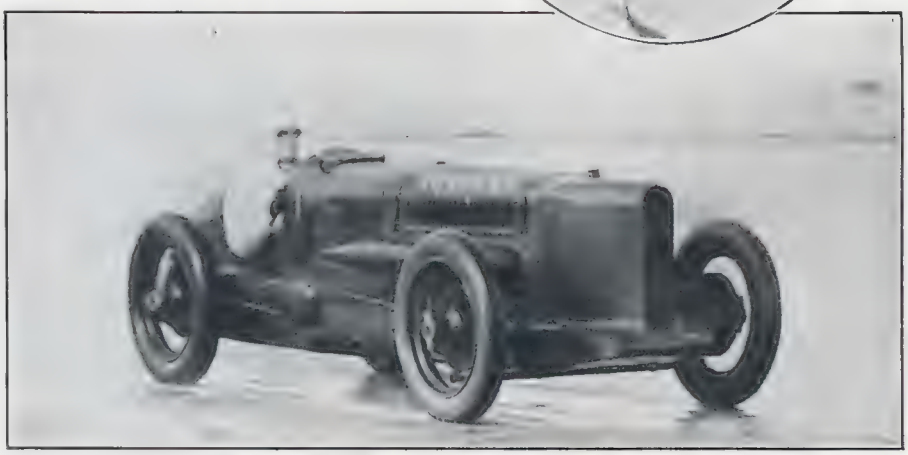
Central Press

GOING ALL OUT: Major Segrave breaking the record

POPULAR PERSONALITIES

"DE HAINE"

By PAUL PRY



Topical and Central News

AT SOUTHPORT

The 33 h.p. Sunbeam which attained a speed of over 152 m.p.h. Inset, Major H. O. D. Segrave who drove the car

MAJOR H. O. D. SEGRAVE, or "De Haine," as he is called affectionately by most of the motor-racing world, is a person who takes life very calmly and unemotionally, in spite of the frequency with which he coquettes with death.

Like all these men who adventure out, in cold blood by themselves and of their own initiative and choice, to try conclusions with a danger which spells almost certain death, in the event of mishap to laid schemes, he seems entirely lacking in that vivid and blood-freezing imagination which would turn me sharply, and possibly you, from any such idiocy, as we should term it.

And yet, like most of these pioneers of the impossible—these *Satanæ ex machina* (if one may coin a phrase), he is not unimaginative at all. On the contrary, he knows full well, down to the most intimate detail of horror, what is probably going to result to him and to his car in the event of so-and-so happening that shouldn't happen.

He told me, a day or two before his recent successful attempt on breaking the world's record for the flying kilometre in a car, how his specially made tyres, tested on a prepared machine, revolving underneath them at great speed, with the sort of sand surface he would get at Southport, might quite possibly come off a wheel, as tyres often do under these circumstances. How if a tyre *did* come off during the "full-out" stretch the sharp rim of the wheel would act on the soft sand much in the same way as the tail-skid of an aeroplane acts in the turf of an aerodrome; and that then "over she'd go" while proceeding at about 156 miles per hour!

But we were sitting in the billiard room of the club at the time, and his eyes wandered away from me continually while he watched the snooker game in progress, in which his interest was really centred, though he was detailing the most likely cause of his imminent decease.

It is not, I think, that these men who have passed well beyond the irresponsible age of youth do not visualise and understand the extent of their dangers, but that their zeal for the job, which is the mainspring of their lives, carries them beyond mere fear into a state of mind which can only be described as comatose to the potency of their peril.

When "De Haine" is nervy and on edge, as he is—as they all are on the eve of the Big Thing—it is not on account of the actual ordeal at all. They are harassed by the multitude of detail and, often, the monetary responsibilities that others are shouldering because of them.

Get the machine pushed on to the track, however, and let the white-coated "De Haine" climb into his seat, hear the sudden roar of the engine, watch him adjust his goggles and safety helmet (save the mark!), bend over his instrument board—and you will see a very different personality to the one who fussed jerkily with a notebook and pencil last night, and jumped when somebody slammed a door. You will see a perfectly poised individual, oblivious of everything and everyone: the car and its performance is the only thing in the world that matters; inflexible of purpose, ice-bound—there is no other word for it.

"De Haine" Segrave is considered by many experts the finest motor car driver in the world. He did not acquire that reputation without good cause. The only Englishman who has ever won the French Motoring Grand Prix on the road (that terrible race!), he achieved this largely by his extraordinary capacity for memorising the pot-holes, hairpin corners, cambers, and other death-traps on a course, and acting unerringly accordingly. That, coupled with a perfect pair of hands at the wheel, consummate judgment and an immediately accurate brain in a crisis: crises recurring every few minutes in a Grand Prix contest.

You have only to sit next him in a very powerful car through the maëlstrom of the London traffic, leaving half an inch clearance from a 'bus on your right, and three-eighths from a lorry on your left, to realise what good driving means. Whereas with some other people whose dreadful performances flick into your mind—ugh!

HUNTING and POLO . . . By A. W. Coaten

A Pytchley Day

After the Grand National Meeting foxhunting rapidly approaches its end. Soon we shall be getting the inevitable legend, "to finish the season," on our card of hunting appointments. Happily, the closing weeks have been associated with a good deal of excellent sport in many countries. Perhaps the best day of all last week was seen with the Pytchley from Yelvertoft. Frank Freeman and his hounds have not figured to greater advantage all through the season. They started with a gallop of just over half an hour from the plantation close to the meeting place. Then came a sparkling run of forty minutes, ending with the fox going to ground, though hounds were not denied of their blood. The day ended with a fine hunt lasting an hour and forty-five minutes, so you will realise that those who were out with the Pytchley on that occasion had all the jumping and galloping they could have wished for.

Mrs. E. Greenall

A gloom was cast over the Melton Mowbray district and throughout hunting circles generally by the death last week of Mrs. Edward Greenall following her terrible fall when hunting with the Quorn. I fear this has been a melancholy season in the matter of bad accidents. Mrs. Greenall will be greatly missed in the Shires, where she was one of the boldest and best when hounds were running. She could hold her own with the best of the men in a fast gallop over the grass. Before her marriage she took up polo with a certain amount of enthusiasm, and I remember her taking part in some matches for women players at Hurlingham. The King and Queen have joined in the widespread expressions of grief which have followed the death of one of the keenest and most popular young sportswomen of her time.

Sport and General

A GOOD CLEARANCE

Major M. Beckwith-Smith, winner of the Coldstream Guards Challenge Cup, taking the last fence. The photograph is from the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Point-to-Point Steeplechases, recently held at Purston

Stick and Ball

Early in April a start will be made with polo at various clubs. Just outside London, players will find the excellent grounds at Worcester Park available for their use. Following a spell of dry weather the going should be in splendid order for the first games of the season at this centre, which is run under the direction of the Hurlingham Club. It had been hoped that we should have a visit from an Indian Army team during the coming season, but I learn it is doubtful whether this project will take definite shape. This news is rather surprising, seeing that the Army team showed good form in the recent tournaments at Delhi. The combination included two officers of the Central India Horse, Major A. H. Williams and Captain R. George. It was completed by Major E. G. Atkinson, 15th Lancers, and Captain J. P. Jennings, 11th P.A.V.O. Cavalry. This team, if adequately mounted, would probably prove quite capable of holding its own against the best which could be brought against it at the London Club.

A. W. Coaten.

RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

The Lincoln

It is always a delightful experience to find the winner of the first of the big handicaps of the flat racing season. Plenty of tips are flying around for the Lincolnshire Handicap, and it must be regarded as an exceedingly open affair. One of the first horses to whom I inclined favourably for this race was Coram, but so many doubts surround him at the time of writing that I prefer to choose a competitor who, to my certain knowledge, is fit and fancied. The "class" horse of the race is unquestionably Zionist. It is not often that we find a colt who finished second in the Derby "stooping to conquer" in a race like the Lincoln. Zionist, however, has done an excellent preparation for the race. I know his trainer believes that the colt will be just as fit as any of his rivals. The question is: Can he give the weight away?

Dignity's Chance

One of his contemporaries in the field who must assuredly have a very big chance of beating Zionist at a difference of no less than 19 lb. is Dignity. You will remember that these colts were tried together not long before the Derby. Zionist got the better of that gallop, but he certainly did not prove himself to be so far in front of Sir Charles Hyde's colt as he will need to be if he is to beat him again at their Lincoln weights. I believe the trainer of Dignity would like to have had a few more days with his colt, but the son of Gainsborough is one who appears to run best when he is slightly above himself. It is in Dignity's favour that he has revealed a liking for the Lincoln course. You will remember that it was only by a few inches that Boxhill beat him in the Great Tom Plate last autumn. He will have one of the best jockeys of the day in the saddle in the shape of Frank Dempsey, and altogether I believe that the Sparsholt colt will render an excellent account of himself.

Question of Condition

Condition naturally counts for a great deal in this race, and in taking any horse on one's side it is important to know that he is really fit. Of the various animals trained at Newmarket, Nothing Venture appears to come nearest to the ideal of condition. All the touts at headquarters agree that the three-year-old is as 'straight" as any horse could be in the first week of the season. Perhaps it is against him that so few animals of his age have won the Lincoln, but if you go through the records of the race you will find that not many really good three-year-olds have been given the opportunity of competing for this handicap. Nothing Venture did all he was asked to do in his gallop a week ago, and I am quite sure his backers will have a good run for their money.

Nothing Venture

Brighter London is one I marked down as likely to be dangerous when I first went through the Lincoln weights. A few weeks ago his trainer was hopeful of taking him to the Carholme fit and well, but people who have seen the colt at Newmarket more recently tell me that he is still backward. I am discouraged, therefore, from putting him up among those who are likely to finish in the first three. My selection is **Nothing Venture,** and as a second string I take **Dignity,** who may be well worth backing for win and place.

At Aintree

Elsewhere in this issue I have dealt specially with the problem of the Grand National, which to the majority of sporting people is infinitely a more attractive event than the Lincolnshire Handicap. Another of the puzzles of the Liverpool Meeting will be the Spring Cup on its opening day. Here I am disposed to favour the prospects of **The Monk,** who showed up well in the gallop of Mr. S. B. Joel's horses last week, and should be well suited by this rather sharp cup course. **Hidennis** may carry top weight to victory in the big hurdle race on Saturday.

THE BEST CURE FOR ANY OLD BLUES IS—

Worthington

A Camera Record of Out-of-

SPORTS ON THE HILL *G.P.U.*

A close finish in one of the heats for the Hundred Yards in the Harrow School Sports which were held last week

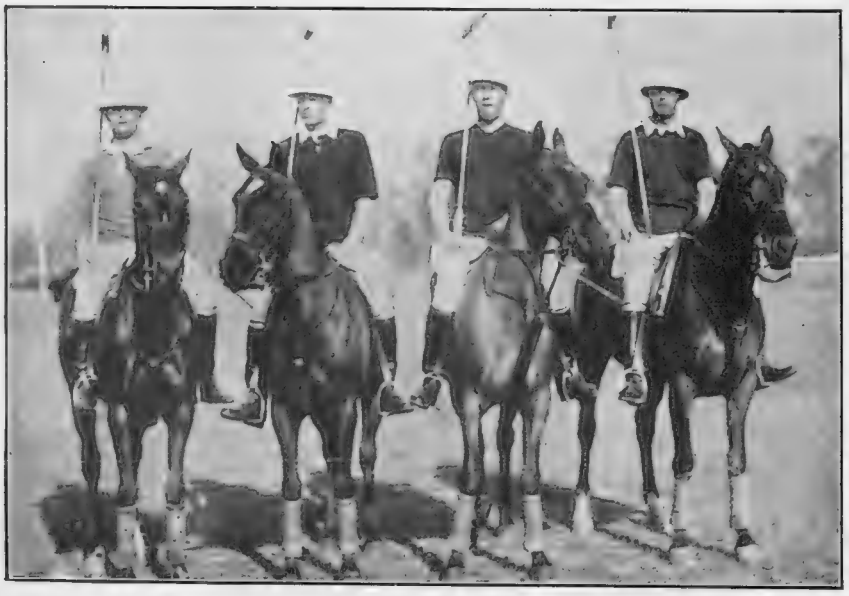
M. Pollock Smith

PUBLIC SCHOOL FENCERS

A group of entrants in the recent Public Schools Fencing Competition. Bedford won the sabres and Eton the foils

AT AN IRISH MEETING *I.B.*

Brig.-Gen. Hammond (left), Brig.-Gen. Smith-Bingham, and General Sir Bryan and Lady Mahon at the Kill Harriers' Point-to-Point Meeting at Dalystown, Co. Meath



SHORE MANŒUVRES *L.N.A.*

The team of officers from the Mediterranean Fleet who were defeated by Cannes in a recent Polo Match on the Mandelieu ground. The names are: Lt.-Com. Bisset (left), Lt.-Com. Fitzroy Lt.-Com. Eykyn and Rear-Admiral C. Staveley (Captain)

AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE *Central Press*

A discussion between Mr. James Hurst, Field Master, Capt. R. F. Henry, Lady Katherine-Hamilton and Mrs. James Hurst, at a meet of the Co. Down Staghounds at Government House, Hillsborough, the residence of the Duke of Abercorn

Door Doings in Two Countries

Photo Press

READY TO MOVE OFF

A general view of a recent meet of the Craven Hunt, at Ashdown Park, Berkshire. The Earl of Essex, who is to take over the Mastership next season, is seen mounted in the right foreground

L.N.A.

WITH THE COTTESMORE

The Hon. Peter Beatty (left), Lord Beatty and Capt. Rollo at a recent meet of the Cottesmore at Leethorpe. An unusually large field turned out

Photo Press

AT ASHDOWN PARK

The Earl and Countess of Essex discussing the prospects of the day's run at a recent meet of the Craven at Ashdown Park

A SITTER! *Topical*

A " restful " incident during the Hospital Rugby Cup Final between St. Thomas's and Guy's, when the former won by 5 points to nil

THE RUGGER WORLD

HOSPITAL CASES

By " PENDARVES "

THERE comes a day once a year, during the Rugger season, when the medical profession, plus its dainty womenfolk, take possession of the Athletic Ground at Richmond —and most of the approach roads thereto. An instructive social assembly to the onlooker and Rugby enthusiast, because the business of one hospital vanquishing another is a very serious occasion to the crowd that comes to it; a far larger crowd than you will get at Richmond on any mere Saturday for an important club game.

The most interesting phenomenon is the matter of the fancy dress. Medical students seem to adore getting themselves up in bizarre costumes of the most hideous description—by the way, Guy's were playing St. Thomas's, so perhaps that accounts for it to a large extent—and ringing bells and waving rattles. It must be rather dramatic and exciting for them when they emerge from hospital quadrangles, and proceed in charabancs, *via* Covent Garden, where much decayed vegetable matter and old potatoes are collected, the latter to impress their presence upon the enemy. But there comes, as there comes to all people in fancy dress in time, a dreadful anti-climax.

The rather depressing pause in the hectic day in this instance was the period of masterly inactivity between 2.45 and 3.15 p.m. They had shown themselves in all their war paint, and the girls had giggled, and they had shouted themselves hoarse, and the policemen round the ground had refused utterly to mind being ragged; so *something* had got to be done. Ah! a brain wave, the Score-Board!

The score-board is held habitually by two brave, but misguided, men who thought on this occasion, from their eminence of 12 feet from the ground, to beat off an attack of about sixty lusty young gentlemen who were out for mischief. Well, we need not labour the point as to their downfall. You can imagine what happened! And so to the game.

It is nearly always Guy's and St. Thomas's who fight it out for a name on a Challenge Cup. It is magnificent but it is not football. Not that this matters. I would have laid any price on Guy's, having seen names like Spence, Van Schalkwijk, Stein and Schabort on the programme. Which is only another proof how foolish it is to lay odds on Rugger matches. For Thomas's won by a goal to nothing, and that in the last five minutes of what to everyone but the rabid enthusiasts seemed an interminable game.

It seems to be the correct thing nowadays, in the " Final " of any Rugger contest, for every single man of the thirty to kick to touch whenever, and directly, he gets the ball in his hands, and even when he is a forward and is dribbling it down field. The Safety First principle, no doubt; but it is very boring to the supporters and impartials who surround the playing field. If both sides go on doing this, as these did, the chances are that neither side scores. This very nearly happened; so that towards the end we began looking at each other, with pain in our eyes, fearing that we might have to go through it all over again during a probable replay. This we were mercifully spared by A. K. Miller, of St. Thomas's, flinging himself over for a try, and D. O. Williams, their very excellent full-back (this man needs watching for higher honours) converting it. So that was *that*.

But there was real humour, thank goodness, here and there. Notably when Guy's lost their best man, Van Schalkwijk (he is known as " Gold Flake " by some and " Chalk Pit " by others, which is only right and proper), with a-something-or-other to his ankle, which prevented him from further use of it. Then we saw the medical profession in public consultation. They all rushed to it on the edge of the ground, embryos, just qualifieds, at-the-head-of-their-professions (*i.e.*, three guineas for twenty minutes, and £250 for an " op.")—but they did not seem able to diagnose it! Most curious.

On the fringe of this learned crowd hung about anxiously and futilely a uniformed member of St. John's Ambulance Association. I felt quite sorry about his unemployment. But can anyone tell me why this very worthy and efficient organisation sends its members to a Hospital Rugger Final?

The Hospital Cases, victors and vanquished, went back in a vociferous train to Waterloo—in what remained of their fancy dresses. Presumably the motor drivers of the charabancs found, during the course of the afternoon, that they had urgent private affairs elsewhere?

L.N.A.

ON WITH THE DANCE!

A concerted number, by Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals!

DO YOU KNOW WHY THE CHRYSLER LASTS SO LONG?

The winged radiator cap—the Chrysler symbol

BECAUSE the Chrysler is *designed*—first and foremost—to last! Its durability begins in the raw materials from which the car is *built*, each specially selected and tested for its special purpose . . . chrome vanadium for springs and gears . . . chrome molybdenum for the front axle.

ITS HORSE POWER, too, ensures a long life for the engine. For, just as a man can walk longer and farther than he can run, so the Chrysler engine, being rather more powerful than is actually necessary, is never over-strained however hard it is worked.

NO VIBRATION: Well over a half of the length of the large diameter crankshaft is occupied by the seven main bearings! This, combined with a special automatic vibration dampener and meticulous balancing of every part—static and dynamic—results in a complete lack of vibration and a consequently long engine life.

TEMPERATURE CONTROL: Nothing tends more quickly to wear out an engine, than running it at high speeds or under heavy loads before it has reached its proper working temperature. The thermostat on the Chrysler dispenses with the services of the radiator until that temperature is reached, thus enabling the engine to warm up in the shortest possible time.

NO SIDESWAY: Springs placed close to, and parallel to the wheels, play a big part in eliminating sidesway even when rounding corners at high speed. The rigidity of the body, unchallenged by shock or torsion, saves loosened bolts and strained members, and results in long life for the whole car.

WEATHERPROOF FINISH: The Chrysler is finished with Viscolac, a special preparation which will not scratch or chip, looks almost as good as new at the end of two years, and affords a complete protection to the metal beneath. The upholstery in the case of the open models is of genuine heavy leather—another point which makes for the long life of the Chrysler!

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE TO CHRYSLER MOTORS LIMITED
CHRYSLER WORKS : MORTLAKE ROAD
KEW GARDENS : SURREY

That Boat-Race Feeling

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"Too heavy for any mere human porter".

LONDON, *March* 22.

DEAR COUSIN—

FIND it rather hard just at the particular present moment, I do, to make up my mind—"your beautiful mind," as someone puts it in *The Widow's Cruise* at the Ambassadors, "made up entirely of THE BYSTANDER and Bernard Shaw." And why not, I should like to know, seeing that they're the most brilliant paper and one of the brilliantest writers of this current era, what? But that's by the way. . . .

卐

DIFFICULTY of decision aforesaid arising from doubt which of the great events of the hour is most important and which really to concentrate our great thoughts on most—the Budget or the Boat Race or the Grand National? All rather terrific and world-shaking events, and it's simply fearfully hard to say which really lies nearest to our hearts, not to mention pockets. Though that last and final word methinks eventually fixes, determines, and places 'em in their proper order of 1, 2, 3 on the race-card or map, so to speak.

卐

MOST genuine thrill I mean, I suppose, is really the Boat Race, seeing that if you're moved at all (and who isn't?) it's just by the *pur et simple* dash and splash and he-man Greek god heroism of the sweet young gladiators who live their twenty min. or so of strenuous life (not to mention weeks and months of rehearsing, as it were) all for glory and not the least bit of *arrière pensée* anywhere. Because there isn't any prize, not even a wedding-presenty pair of fish carvers or muffineers or travelling clock. (Do people ever travel with travelling clocks, by the way? I always leave mine at home with my gold-mounted travelling case, jewelled in every hole, that's much too heavy for any mere human porter to wield, but *that's* by the way).

卐

AND no betting either not so's you'd notice, which also helps to put it rather high up in the idealism class, as you might say, and I really do believe in the end that's perhaps why people keep on keeping on being so sort of fearfully interested in what's (between you and me) a quite remarkably dull affair just to watch. If you can *call* it watching, seeing that there's only one race on the programme, and only two runners, and they go by quicker, seemingly, than any racehorse that ever was. But it's the kind of spirit of the thing, dear Cousin, that really thrills us, I'm sure. . . . The be-Britishness and absolutely honest-to-God straightness and strenuousness of it all that fascinates the multitude. Even some of the very dreariest of the poor drab things that troop along in their hundreds of thousands every Sat. to hurl abuse or applause at their own particular kind of (paid) gladiators, that are bounced about apparently from side to side at so many hundreds or thousands a time. Picture it yourself, I ask you. No. 5, say, of the Oxford boat strolling forth next Saturday as ever is all ready for the fray when Dr. Bourne or some one of the coaches comes up to him and says, "Awfully sorry, old thing, but we've just sold you to Cambridge for £10,000, so you'll have to row for *them*." Which I'm told actually *did* happen, or words to that effect, in a quite recent so-called football match!

卐

AND then, of course, there's the good old Grand Nash. this week too, not to mention the Lincolnshire, and I'm sure I don't know why I've backed Lustucru and Old Tay Bridge, but I *did* rather like their names when I was suddenly put to it, and asked point-blank on what particular steed I'd like to deposit my annual wager of one whole pound. Quite a pleasant race, especially if seen in complete comfort from a train or somewhere where you aren't too caught up in it all.

"Sad survivors who still wear Russian boots"

卐

AND so much more sporting than most, too . . . I mean, we all know, don't we, dear Cousin, that there's quite a lot of dirtyish work on the Turf, what with pulling horses and so on, but they can't arrange things quite that way when there's all sorts of such awful jumps, etcet., to be negotiated. So that really we feel well-nigh as safe as in the Boat race that the (more or less) best will win, what?

卐

BUT no one, and hearken now, dear Cousin, to a somewhat strange and significant thing—no one person or horse in this aforesaid admittedly exciting Grand National race seems to have caught the popular fancy even a half of a quarter as much as, *par exemple*, the perfectly good and nice and sweet little cox. of one of the contending boats in the forthcoming strictly amateur rowing match between Oxford and Cambridge Universities (loud cheers). Happens to be a bart., but I don't think that's influenced local flappers (spite of all the

(Continued on page 736)

"Unsuccessful people who tell you all about it"

Crisp, fresh, gladdening Bass! The happy look of it! The good clean taste of it! The big, deep content that it bestows! It's the ale with the proudest tradition—made from the choicest hops and malt. The quality ale!

BASS

B9

fascinatingly bad barts. in the works of Ethel Dem Hell) half so much as fact (locally reported) that he can steer—it's said—with an inspiration such as no one's ever yet ventured to expend on this no doubt perfectly stupid, but oh! so divinely glorious race.

卐

AFTER which I pass, as the public speakers say, with some reluctance to another oddment I happened inadvertently to mention, namely, viz. and *e.g.*, the Budget. But as it isn't due (T.G.) till at least a week or so ahead, let's keep on passing on and leave it for awhile, only hoping that whatever the Chanc. of the Exchcq. doesn't happen to do, he *will* remember to put a really heavy tax on

(1) People who tread on your feet in the theatre.
(2) People who grumble when you're passing along to your seat.
(3) Successful people who tell you all about it.
(4) Unsuccessful ditto who ditto.
(5) Any sad survivors who still wear Russian boots.

卐

AND, apart from all such special current excitements, London, you know, does seem astonishingly *alive* just now—astonishingly, I mean, for quite so early in the year, when even the very earliest birds can hardly yet see approaching more than the faint shadows of a worm—I mean season. Yet I think we *must* be making a start rather sooner than usual in this year of grace 1926.

"The new Claridge's"

卐

DANCE lists are already beginning to get not only circulated but published—three perfectly good private dances for this week alone—and last week, when they reopened Claridge's, there was quite a nice function, with lots of Royalties, that it might have been a mid-seasoned one, to see in the new delightful pink-and-grey *ensemble*, and, above all, those Ranken-engraved mirrors that I'm told have never been done yet in the whole world's history on *quite* such a big scale.

卐

THE world's really beginning to come back, you know, from the Riviera and places—and even Suzanne is starting to prepare, I'm told, for her forthcoming *début* at Court, when Lady Wavertree will present the world's greatest lawn tennis wonder to the notice of their Majesties.

With love,

Yours ever,

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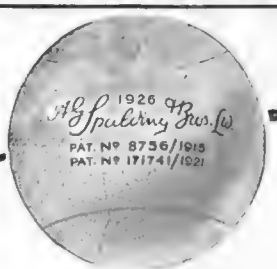

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"Here Comes the Bogey Man"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

How you can detect the good golfer from the ordinary man in the street

Femina

COLOURED KITCHENS

By MRS. M. VINCE

IT is very interesting to see that the Ideal Home Exhibition has adopted, and adapted, one of the best ideas of the Palace of Arts at Wembley. The Palace of Arts in the first year of the Exhibition, gave us a series of English rooms at different periods from 1780 to the present time. The Ideal Home Exhibition has given us this year a series of kitchens from eight different nations—England, France, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Spain, China and the United States.

EVERYONE must have been interested in seeing these kitchens. But there were two very odd things about them. The first oddity was that the six European countries were represented by old kitchens—old, although they may still be found to-day in cottages and farmhouses in remote parts of the country. America, on the other hand, was not represented by the cooking arrangements of a Redskin's wigwam or by the log-cabin of an early settler, or even by the kitchen of one of the old country houses of Virginia. She was represented by a modern kitchen with electric cooking and steel furniture.

IT was certainly odd to see this in an English exhibition, for it made not only the American kitchen, but the whole series of kitchens represent a typical American idea. We find that idea everywhere, in books, in speeches, even in American films when they treat of Europe—the idea that Europe, its peoples, politics, institutions, customs and buildings are still picturesquely, but foolishly, mediæval, and that for all modern ideas one must go to America.

ANY American visitor to Olympia would find this American idea confirmed by the exhibition of kitchens. He would see six European kitchens exactly like his conception of Europe — picturesque, unhygienic, delightfully mediæval—and the only modern kitchen brought from America. I do not know if it was consciously or unconsciously done, but certainly it was odd to find a purely American idea of Europe so faithfully illustrated in an English exhibition.

OF course, what one would have liked to see is some modern European kitchens as well as the old; and then one would have seen also that all the modern ideas do not come from America, but that there are things to be learnt about kitchens even in European countries. Beautiful as is the peasant kitchen from Darlane in Sweden, it would have been much more interesting to show such a modern Swedish kitchen as I saw in a Swedish exhibition not long ago.

IT was very carefully planned itself, and was part of a very carefully planned suite of rooms. For on one side it opened into a china-pantry with large, deep cupboards, which led straight into the dining-room, and on the other side into a little back-hall, off which there were cupboards for cleaning implements, and the maid's own room, half sitting-room, half bedroom. Thus the maid's quarters were not only very convenient and compact, but separate from the rest of the house.

ALL the wall-space of the kitchen was used for cupboards, and even the table was built-in, a spacious table which was placed under one of the two windows. I see that the American kitchen at Olympia was praised for having "everything within easy reach of the centre table." But if a kitchen is so small that "everything is within easy reach of the centre table," then it is much better to have a table at the side, as in the Swedish kitchen, if necessary a flap table, and so to leave the centre of the kitchen free for moving about. In this Swedish kitchen the fuel used was wood—an old-fashioned, almost a mediæval fuel. But one had only to see that kitchen to realise that electricity is not the only thing which makes a modern kitchen.

THE other odd thing about these kitchens was the brightness of colour of the old kitchens, the absence of colour in the modern kitchen. It was not merely the old-fashioned things which made these kitchens picturesque—the spinning-wheel, the big open grates with their iron pots hung above burning logs, the beds in the wall with steps leading up to them. It was much more the shape and bright colours of their decoration and furniture. If you were to take those old-fashioned things away, those kitchens would still be picturesque. The modern kitchen, on the other hand, was enamelled entirely in white. It is true that the cook was a negress, but a coloured cook is not enough.

THIS absence of colour was odd, because it is one of the great advantages of modern fuels—of gas and still more of electricity—that the absence of smoke now makes it easy to use bright colours without fear of spoiling them. There is no longer any need for those drab kitchens which one often used to see in English houses, decorated (if one can use that word of them) with the colours which would be least likely to show the smoke.

THE majority of kitchens are also living-rooms. It would be better if they were not. But now that flats are more and more taking the place of houses, we are further off than ever from the ideal of a kitchen which is used only for cooking, and a separate sitting-room for the maids. That is the problem of kitchens—to make them clean and convenient for cooking and at the same time comfortable as sitting-rooms.

I DO not know if the American kitchen was intended simply as a kitchen, and if there was meant to be a maid's sitting-room as well; but even if there were, the kitchen is still the working-room in which the cook spends the greater part of her day. Cleanliness may come next to godliness, hygiene may be one of the sure ways to heaven, but I think that many people, looking at those old-coloured kitchens of Europe, must have felt that there was something to be said for beauty also—even in a modern kitchen. They must have wondered if there were not some mean between the two extremes which the exhibition offered them—a kitchen which could be attractive as well as hygienic. For that American kitchen with its steel cupboards and its white enamel looked like an operating theatre.

THE SWINGS OF A DOVE *Lenare*

Ursula Moreton and Anton Dolin as they appear in the ballet, "A Flutter in the Dovecot," which is one of the many pleasant items in "Palladium Pleasures"

FAMOUS SPORTING CLUBS OF THE WORLD

Racing Club de France: Track and Club House, Parc ae la Croix Catélan, Bois de Boulogne.

JUST forty-four years ago some fifteen keen Parisian youngsters banded themselves together and organised regular foot races on Thursdays, Sundays and all holidays in the hall of St. Lazare Station. Such was the humble beginning of the great institution which to-day, as the Racing Club de France, may justly claim with its five thousand members to be the premier athletic association of the Continent.

In the early eighties the meetings in the Bois de Boulogne soon became a fashionable rendezvous. Then it was *de rigueur* for the runners to assume such pseudonyms as Voltaire, Tristan, Alcyndor, Soukaras and Iroquois, and to wear jockey's costume —jacket, cap and breeches—with black stockings instead of top-boots. They even carried riding-whips with which they would flick their calves as they ran: a practice very difficult to picture nowadays!

After the acquisition of the ground in the Bois in 1886, it was not long before the Club began to increase the scope of its activities, so that to-day its name connotes the idea of every kind of sport, from steeplechasing to lawn tennis and basket ball to Rugby

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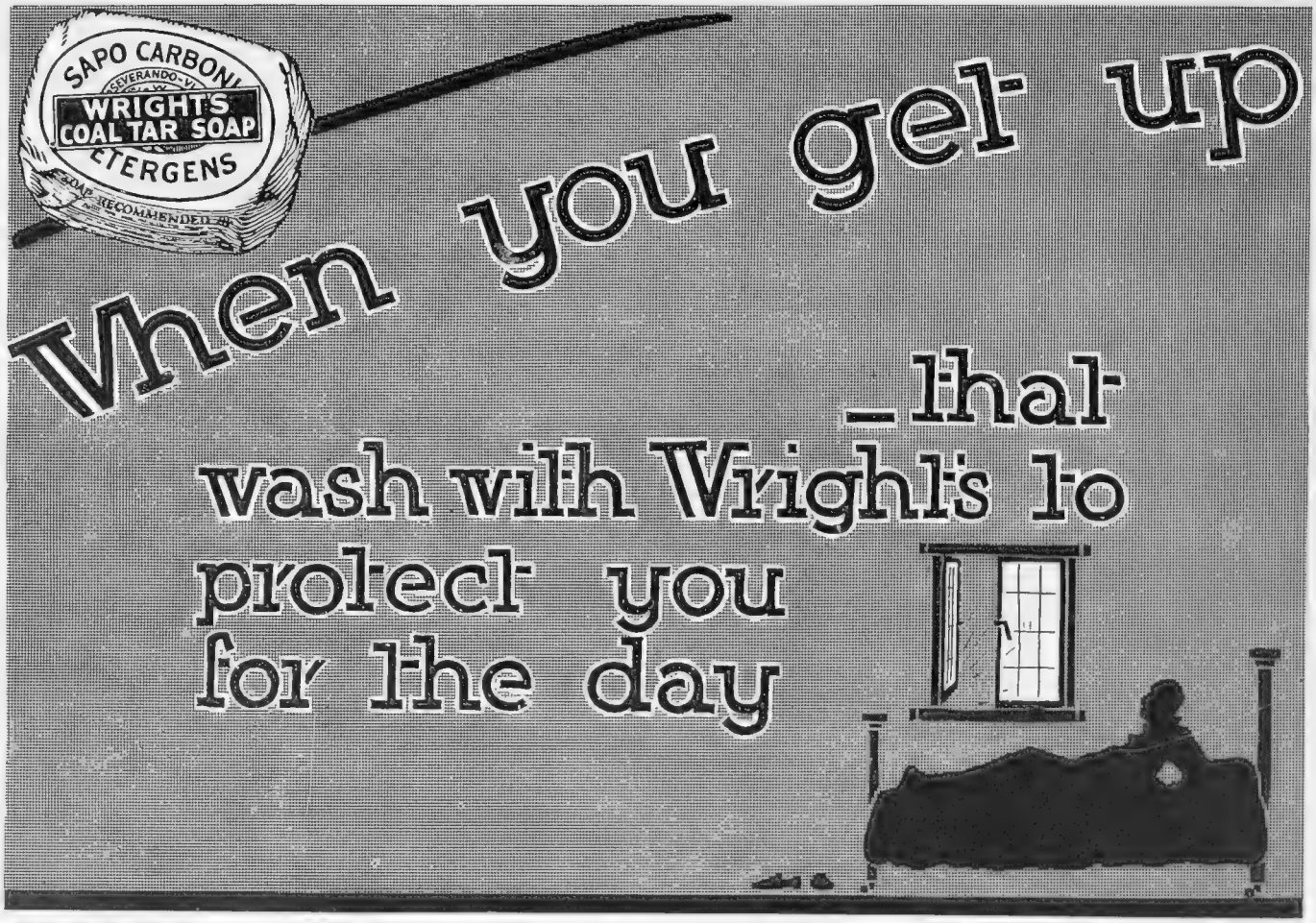
BY HYNES.

Some "airy" impressions of a few of those who attended the banquet to Mr. Alan J. Cobham on the conclusion of his South African Flight. The names are: Mr. A. B. Elliott, Mr. Cobham's engineer (left), Mrs. Cobham, Mr. J. D. Siddeley, C.B.E., Mr. Alan Cobham, A.F.C., the Duke of Sutherland, Sir Philip Sassoon, and Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, C.B.E., behind whom are Mr. F. Handley Page, C.B.E., and Capt. G. De Havilland.



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per pair. **9/11**

Pure Silk Hose, *open lace clox, with lisle feet and garter tops. In nude, beige, pearl, bois de rose, castor, peche, flesh, cream, champagne, melon, putty, mushroom, camel, beige/rose, fawn, platinum, silver, or or black.* *per pair.* **7/11**

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PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Gigolos and poules de luxe"

MES AMIS—

"*La Rose de Septembre.*" How beautiful it sounds in French. It is one of those ideal titles that a playwright discovers only too rarely for his own pleasure and as an appeal to the public. Almost for the title alone one would have a bias in favour of this new play of Jacques Deval, even if it were mainly an ornamental title, but better still, it is the perfectly appropriate poetical picturing of the story to be unfolded.

THE rose of September is the rose which sheds its petals as soon as you go to pluck it, shaken off almost by the tread of your approach. To the September rose Jacques Deval has compared *l'amour tendre,* pure love which, though passionate, has more tenderness than desire. His play is made of this well-nigh ethereal substance. Thus it had been scornfully condemned in manuscript by cynical managers, who are so cocksure that the public wants only undressed plays crowded with *gigolos, poules de luxe,* and cocktail bars. And it has captured *blasé* Paris. Another sharp lesson for the managers.

WE will say this for them, however, that if "*La Rose de Septembre*" had not been staged at the psychological moment, when Parisians have had more than a surfeit of vicious plays about people who had only one interest, it might not have been such a great success. It is really an old-fashioned story, but so old-fashioned as to be novel, at least on the stage. It is the sort of *histoire tendre* over which the Parisiennes' grandmothers wept.

YET there is a thread of argument in it which makes it akin to the modern problem play, namely, that the grip of habit, local custom and "the land," is a great moral restraint which comes to the help of the strong-natured and helps them to win in a fight with conscience, in which the town-bred, brought up in a more lax atmosphere, would succumb, having no such supports on which to lean. This provincial element, the utilisation of the "call of the soil," so appealing to a race, every one of whom must number a score of peasants among his relatives, is another feature which has caught the fancy of Paris, satiated with the *hôtel de luxe* ultra-cosmopolitanism.

IN summary form the story of "*La Rose de Septembre*" will, no doubt, seem familiar to English readers. In the neighbourhood of her guardian, Michel Bellère, justifiably the most trusted man of the locality, of which he is *maire,* Jacqueline, *petit être de délicatesse et de franchise,* has grown up almost without either of them noticing it, and their old affection has acquired a new character without either being aware, because they have had no occasion to analyse it. Jacqueline is married off to a local manufacturer, of the Basque country, and when the husband has to go away on a business trip she is entrusted to the care of her former guardian.

IT is while she is caressing him in the old childish way that he discovers the changed character of his regard and, for safety, he flees to Paris to seek forgetfulness in the giddy society frequented by a brother. But Jacqueline, worried by this *fugue* on the part of one who has always been so steady, follows, and though he practically sends her away, the ruse of a friend throws them together under circumstances which lead Michel unintentionally to make known to Jacqueline the fact that paternal affection has been replaced by ardent love. Jacqueline immediately realises the change in her own heart, and, telling Michel, agrees to go abroad with him.

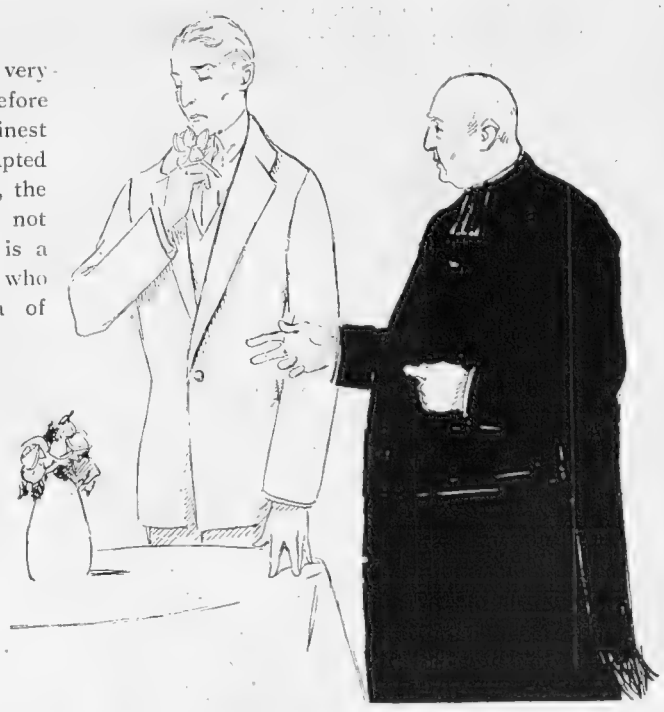
"A run on Molière plays at the kiosks"

THEY set off for Spain, feeling that they cannot bring distress into the little Basque village of which he has been the trusted leader. And then this resolution breaks down before the call of the soil and the force of tradition. It is to their village that they return. The scandal is approaching the point of revelation. But in the atmosphere of the old home, among cherished souvenirs of the past, especially the moral leadership that Michel has always had to adopt among his compatriots, and the judicious counsels of the *abbé,* their determination to ignore others and be everything to themselves begins to waver.

THE village atmosphere is against free love. They will love in renunciation. As Michel sits alone, crushed, the petals of an autumn rose droop and fall. Jacqueline and Michel were excellently played by Madeleine Soria and Lucien Rozenberg, and the first-night audience was enraptured.

ANDRÉ PICARD, who was very popular, died a week before the realisation of one of his finest theatrical successes. He had adapted a piece of Mr. H. M. Harwood, the English version of which I do not remember, in a manner which is a nearly perfect example to all who embark on the dangerous sea of adaptation; adapted it in such a way that it is as Parisian as if it had been originally conceived on the banks of the Seine, and endowed it with the light and gay *esprit français* that ensures it a triumphant run. It is rumoured that the indefatigable Tristan Bernard lent a helping hand, but only the names of M. Picard and Mr. Harwood appear on the programme.

PRESUMABLY the original idea of "*Monsieur de Saint-Obin*," under which title it is presented at the *Théâtre des Mathurins*—which concerns the finding of an appropriate individual to be sued as a co-respondent, this individual eventually discovering that the woman in the affair develops as much affection for him as he does for her—is that of Mr. Harwood, but André Picard had introduced lots of deft little touches that captivate a Parisian audience.



"The judicious counsels of the *abbe*"

That gallant old warrior, Silvain, thrown out of the Comédie Française of which he was the *doyen*, has proved himself younger, as he claimed in his trenchantly witty letters, than many who are not much more than half his age by going over to the music-halls, with excellent results. His Molière studies have been immensely appreciated at the Empire, though the high-browns scoffed at the sandwiching of Molière between acrobats and performing horses. Since he began there has been a run on Molière plays at the kiosks of the Wagram quarter, where probably few were sold before, mainly on the part of shop assistants and intelligent young *ouvriers*. Silvain would probably declare that Molière, like himself, would have desired no greater reward than this.

RENÉ.

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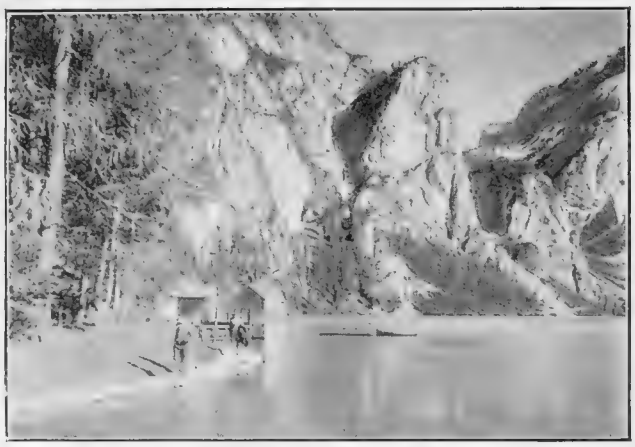

MOUNTAIN AND LAKE
Lago di Braies in the Italian Dolomites

It is indeed a sign of the times that the great British annual of photography—the *British Journal Photographic Almanac*—this year devotes pride of place to the subject of amateur cinematography. There can be little question that in this country, as already in America and on the Continent, the small moving-picture camera will make a bold bid for popularity. All the more assuredly so by virtue of the introduction of the cinematographic hand-cameras that are the latest arrivals on the market.

Banishing the Tripod

The necessity of using a tripod—always an unwieldy and conspicuous affair—was an important drawback to the early forms of amateur cine-camera, and it is not surprising that several manufacturers have tackled the problem of dodging the tripod. First in the field in this respect was the Sept, Cine-Kodak, and Ica Kinamo motor-driven models, but even the diminutive Pathé-Baby camera is shortly to appear with automatic drive. With any of these models cranking of the instrument during exposure is entirely obviated; the camera is held to the cheek or against the body and, so long as a button or trigger is kept depressed, the clockwork motor keeps the mechanism of the camera running. Besides the greater simplicity of working without a stand for the camera, one enjoys with these models much more freedom in following the movements of a moving subject.

A Noteworthy New Model

Amongst the various motor-driven models now current, the newest arrival, the Bell-Howard Filmo cine-camera, is particularly, if one may say so, a camera of pedigree. It comes from the factory that, it is claimed, produces 95 per cent. of the world's professional cine-apparatus; so it may be assumed that its makers know a bit about the making of cinema cameras.

At first sight, the Filmo betrays its originality, for its shape is markedly unconventional—it is made to be convenient to handle and hold at eye-level. Nor does its originality stop short with externals, for its makers have succeeded in contriving an outfit which is as portable and easy to use as many common hand-cameras, and yet has very nearly the same capacity as the costly and intricate professional types.

Using as it does the Kodak 100-ft. sub-standard films, the Filmo is of course daylight loading, so that the camera can be used continuously with brief stops for re-loading, and at the same time running costs are kept down.

The Filmo, in brief, is an instrument which cannot be ignored by any prospective amateur cinematographer, and, though this machine is of course by way of being a *de luxe* instrument, there will be many who will have their interest aroused by the descriptive Filmo booklet. Copies of this are obtainable from E. B. Meyrowitz, Ltd., 1a, Old Bond St., W.1, & 199, Regent St., W.1.

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STOPPING THE WORLD

The world has a habit of going on its way quite regardless of our wish to stop it occasionally and drink more deeply of its fleeting joys. When Montague falls out of the boat, for instance, it would be such fun to have stopped the movement and laughed for a while over his agonised expression!

The new Ilford Roll Film, with its power to register a scene in the quickest of flashes and to give the resultant picture all those qualities that a perfect photograph should have, is the reply of science to the obstinacy of nature.

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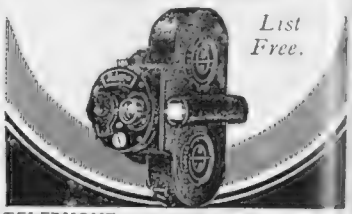

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Margaret, Betty and I

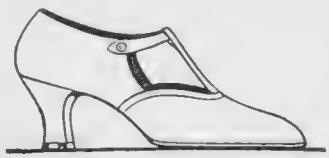
Why do feet always come out better than faces in photography? Or at any rate they do when Barbara takes them. This one was taken in the Park and we all had the sun in our faces. Betty and I think that if we look like that we'd better scratch for the Beauty Stakes altogether.

However, we all thought the feet were worth keeping. They make the foundation of three charming girls, don't you think?

Jack says it's not the beauty of our feet but the shoes we're wearing, and I must say I think Lotus and Delta shoes—we're all wearing them—are most improving to one's feet. Awfully becoming shapes. They're very comfy too.

And notice particularly the Koh-I-Noor press fasteners which they put on the new Lotus and Delta shoes. They're the very last word in smartness and so handy.

MARGARET, *on the left*, is wearing sunburn glace shoes with looped panels. She says they're LOTUS 377 costing 32/6.



BETTY, *in the middle*, has a pair of sandal-shaped patent leather shoes. She says DELTA 430 is her lucky number. Only 25/9.

ME, *on the right*, in Bois de Rose glace shoes trimmed with Champagne glace, DELTA 280. They cost the same as Betty's.

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BYSTANDER BRIDGE

PASSION FOR TAKING OUT

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

Some players have a perfect passion for taking out their partner's bids unnecessarily, often disastrously.

Sometimes it arises from selfishness, the desire to play the hands; sometimes from distrust, but more often from erroneous ideas about the theory of bidding.

Of course, if you distrust your partner's bid and play, it is tempting to take him out when you have a good bid yourself even when you have support for him. But it is a temptation to be resisted, as, apart from the ill-feeling engendered, it more often than not leads to trouble.

It is a leap in the dark that does not deserve to succeed even when it does.

But the wrong-headedness of so many players is founded on some mysterious idea that they "must show their suit." How often does one hear this kind of thing: "I had to bid my suit, partner, but did not do it to prevent you going on. I meant to support you on the next round."

There has been no next round, and the mischief is done.

. . . . . .

The intelligent player who has made an initial bid in a major suit rightly regards his partner's take out as a denial of his suit. If Z bids "One Spade" and his partner Y bids "Two Hearts," Z understands Y to say, "Partner, I cannot stand your Spade bid," or "I have no support in Spades, so I suggest to your notice the Heart suit."

Here is an actual case: Z dealt, and, holding Spades, A, K, Q, 10, 6, 5; Hearts, 7; Diamonds, 8, 5, 4; Clubs, 6, 3, 2, bid "One Spade"; A said, "No bid"; and Y, holding Spades, J, 8, 2; Hearts, A, K, Q, 8, 6, 4; Diamonds, A, K; Clubs, 9, 4, said "Two Hearts." The game was played in Hearts, and Y made only three by cards, as five Hearts were against him in one hand, and he lost two Hearts and two Clubs. Played in Spades, Z makes five by cards, losing only two Clubs provided they are opened, and if Diamonds are opened making a Little Slam, or even possibly a Grand Slam, and scores 81 for honours.

. . . . . .

Then ensued a little argument.

Z: "Why did you not leave me in Spades? You had splendid support."

Y: "I had to show you my Hearts. It didn't prevent you going on in Spades. You might, for all I knew, have only four Spades, and I had six Hearts."

Z: "Well, even if I had only four Spades, your hand was of great assistance to the Spade bid. Why deny my suit?"

Y: "I don't call that denying your suit. You could have gone on if you wished. And with six Spades in your hand you should have called 'Three Spades' originally."

Z: "I don't agree at all. I dislike pre-emptive bids, and my hand was much too weak to call high on."

My opinion was asked in the matter, and, of course, I consider Z was entirely right, and Y entirely wrong, in the argument. All the same, having only one Heart, I think in Z's place I should have called the Spades a second time. But this does not make Y's "take out" any better. It was, in fact, a criminal take out.

. . . . . .

Another example comes to me from my valued correspondent "Bathwick." Score: Y Z, game. A B, love. B deals and says "No bid"; Z, "One Spade," holding, Spades, K, Q, 10, x, x; Hearts, none; Diamonds, J, x, x, x; Clubs, A, 10, x, x; A, "No bid"; and Y, "Two Hearts," holding, Spades, A, x, x; Hearts, A, K, x, x, x, x; Diamonds, x; Clubs, Q, x, x. All pass, and Y is one down on his contract. I am asked to comment on this bidding, and (1) if Y was right to show his Hearts, (2) ought Z to have gone back to Spades, having no Hearts at all? My reply to (1) is emphatically "No." Y should have bid "Two Spades," and not mentioned Hearts at all. Regarding the second query, I do not see that Z could re-bid his Spades, even though he had no Hearts. He had done all he could by bidding "One Spade."

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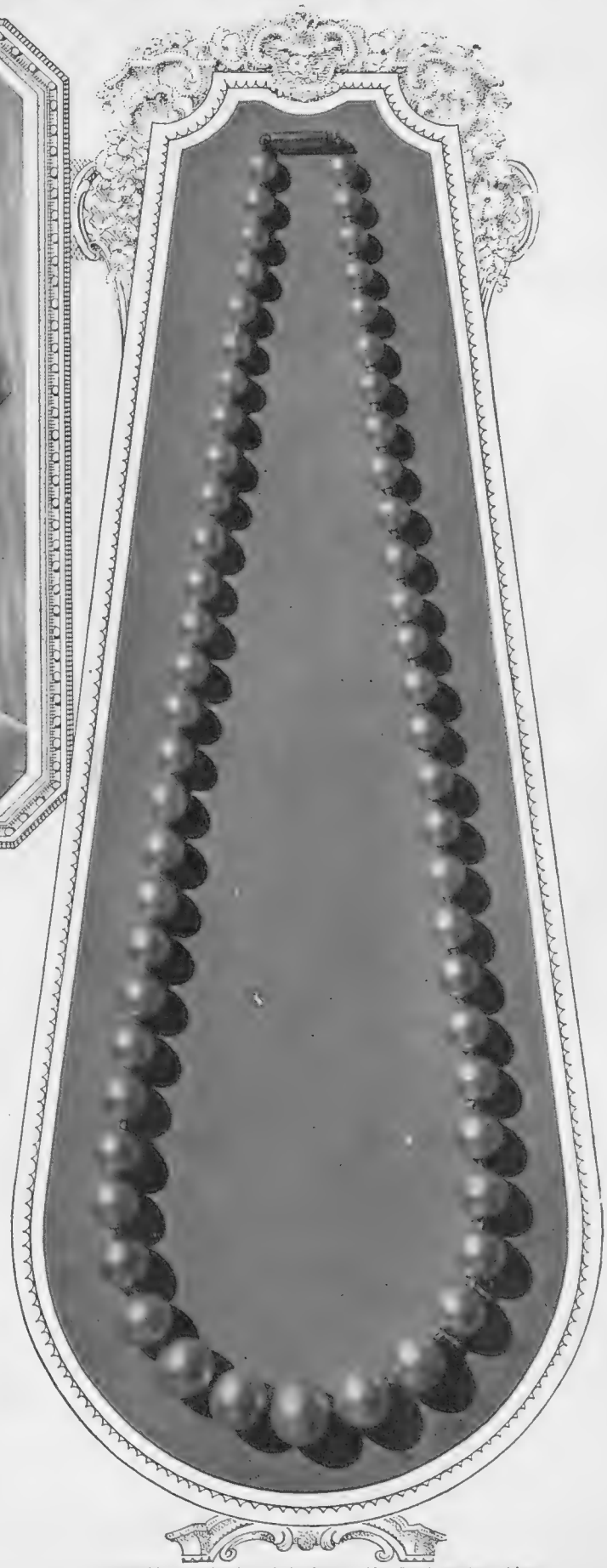

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BRITISH DOGS ON TOP

A WEAK SPOT

By "THE KENNELMAN"

MANCHESTER's big Dog Show opens to-day, Wednesday.

A reader of these Notes who has "not missed a line of them for three years," has been good enough to send in a batch of recent show reports from newspapers separated as widely as Montreal and San Francisco, India, Italy, and the Argentine. "Doggy progress since the War has admittedly been swifter and more remarkable in this country than anywhere else, but these reports will suggest to you that foreign countries, not to mention British over-sea Dominions, are travelling the same good road at no bad pace."

They do indeed; and if the figures of canine increase and development for the whole world were available in anything like the same precise and admirable fashion in which the Kennel Club presents British statistics, they would be startling to the general public. Quite apart from the different grades of undesirables and unwanted mongrels, the carefully-bred pedigree Dogs of the world must have increased during the past few years at the rate of very many hundreds *per day*.

Another interesting fact emerging from these reports of foreign Shows may well gladden the heart of the British Dog-lover, since it reflects the greatest credit upon our breeders and fanciers, and represents the highest sort of tribute to British Dogs. In most breeds, the majority of the big winners —champions, firsts in open, etc.—are either (*a*) imports from Britain, or (*b*) direct descendants of Dogs bred in this country. That this should be so in the case of Gun-Dogs, Bulldogs, Airedales, or the like, will surprise nobody; but the striking and agreeable truth is that it holds good of a large proportion of breeds of foreign origin. If you study foreign Dog Show reports you will find it's no exaggeration to say that to-day the finest specimens in the world of such breeds as the Chow, the Alsatian, the Pekingese, the Saluki, and even the Dachshund, and the St. Bernard, and many another of foreign origin, are being bred, not upon their native heaths, but in old England. Good hearing, is it not?

Two counts there are on which we are—probably correctly—adjudged laggards; points on which various competitors beat us; our shop-window and our training grounds; advertisement and education. We don't advertise our canine stock half as well or as much, as various other peoples advertise stock nothing near so fine. "We appear to do pretty well without it," is no excuse; the fact being that we should do even better, vastly better, with it. Then there's training. Our Foxhounds and Gun-Dogs cannot be beaten; their training being part of our sport. We also breed the finest Dogs in the world for police, patrol, military, guard and herding work, etc. But we lag behind many foreign breeders of Dogs not nearly so finely suited for this work, in the vital matter of training, along systematic and standardised lines. Even in the by no means unimportant detail of training for exhibition—teaching a Dog to show himself to the best advantage in the ring—we are definitely backward, behind many of our foreign competitors, and not altogether worthy of our Dogs, who only too often do their winning, rather in spite of those who show them, and neglect to train them for the test, than by their help. The Dog fancier who visits a horse show can hardly fail to be struck by the fact that our exhibitors of hackneys and hunters have done a deal more work for their charges than we do for our Dogs; and with what excellent practical effect!

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MOTOR NOTES

A LINK WITH QUEEN BESS

The ruins of Kenilworth Castle where Queen Elizabeth was received with a pomp which has become almost legendary. The car in the foreground is a 14-45 Rover

It is really surprising how high are the average speeds on our main roads. I carried out observations recently on the Hastings road, and the average speed of the various groups of cars was between 35 and 40 m.p.h. Of course, when a town or village was met with the group would slow down, and in some cases split up, but once the open road was again reached off they would go at their steady 35-40 m.p.h. These groups are always very interesting. There is usually a large closed Daimler somewhere about the middle, and the rear of the procession is normally occupied by a Rolls-Royce. This is not due to the slowness of the Rolls-Royce, as it is usually found that the car has left the group behind and has just caught up with the one in front.

***

The opening rally of the Junior Car Club at Burford Bridge Hotel was a most successful affair. Some twenty light cars took part in the appearance competition, and a Windsor was awarded first prize. An interesting film display was another feature of the programme, and more than 200 people remained for dinner. Dancing was continued until midnight, and if this rally can be taken as an indication of the success which will attend future social events it would seem that the Junior Car Club will enjoy a very prosperous season during 1926.

***

The Studebaker Corporation of America evidently intends to test its cars most thoroughly before standardising them. They have recently purchased 800 acres of land in America which is being laid out as unique testing and experimental grounds. There is a speedway, several test hills, and a large stretch reproducing Colonial conditions. For instance, there is a shallow basin of water 250 feet long, then a 400-foot stretch of rutted, slushy mud followed by 500 feet of soft shifting sands. Cars of each model made by Studebaker will be taken at random from production each day and sent through exhaustive tests.

***

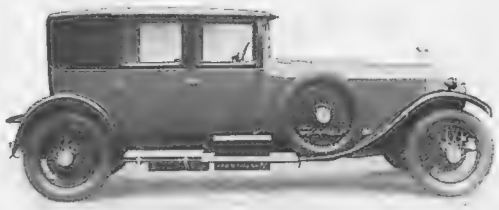
Motorists in the South of England will be interested to know that the Rootes' Motor Week is now taking place at Maidstone. It is the sixth annual motor show of this enterprising concern, and prospective purchasers will have an opportunity of seeing the latest in motor cars.

***

The prospectus of the Royal Insurance Company concerning motor insurance is a most attractive publication. It contains, in addition to other interesting matter, a series of photographs of accidents and new tables of road distances. It bears the title of "Road Risks Illustrated," and brings home in pictorial form the dangers attending motoring. A copy may be obtained on application.

(Continued on page 750)

The Best Car in the World



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The Graphic, 6/3/26.

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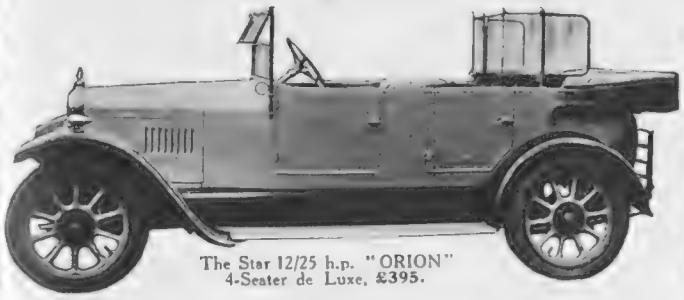

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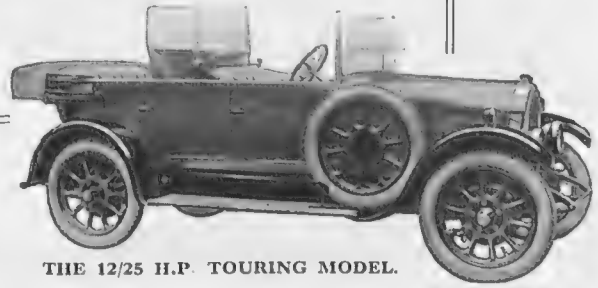

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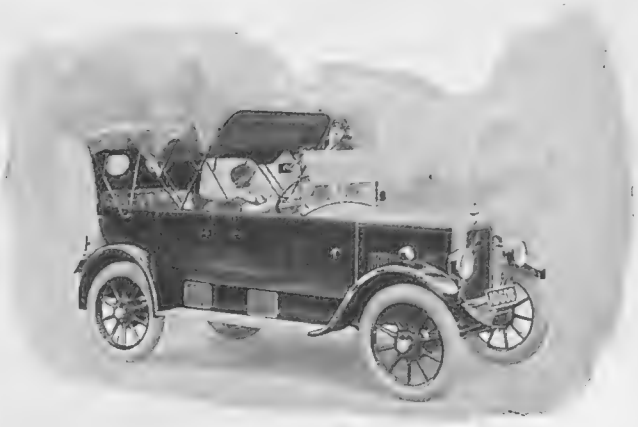

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***

THE successful attack on the world's flying kilometre record by Major H. O. D. Segrave on the twelve-cylinder Sunbeam shows how difficult the breaking of records is nowadays. The car had been very carefully prepared and an enormous amount of work had been done on it by the expert staff of Sunbeam's, yet ultimately the record was only broken by a fraction of a second, while the attempt on the mile record failed owing to a slight defect. When speeds are in the vicinity of two and a half miles a minute every fraction of a second, however small, represents an appreciable increase in speed. Although the actual time which has been knocked off the old record is very small, the speed has been increased by 2 m.p.h. The car has a twelve-cylinder engine arranged in two banks of six. Its capacity is just under four litres, while its rated power is 33 h.p. It actually develops, however, 300 b.h.p. at 5,000 revolutions per minute. The gear ratio of 3 to 1 gives a speed of 162 m.p.h. at 5,000 r.p.m. without wheel slip.

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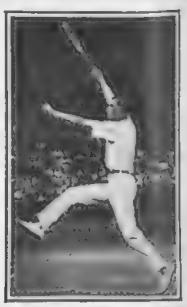

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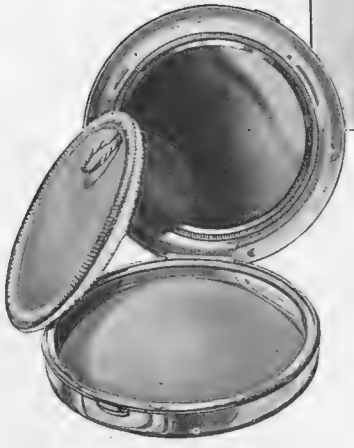

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ROUND of 69

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